

# Sports Illustrated

JULY 16, 1977 \$2.50 (U.S.)

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STEVE BLASS





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# **Titleist: the money ball**

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the 'Blue Chip' Company

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## Next week

THOSE WONDERFUL FOLKS who brought you Indy are at it again, this time with a fast 500 miles in the hilt of Pennsylvania. Bob Jones will be with them at Pocono Raceway.

THE HOW TO is easy, what's really hard is the when to, the who to and the why to. A primer on the art of passing by past master (and pass master) Johnny Unitas of the Colts.

TAKING PART was the important thing about his Olympics said de Coubertin, a promise William Johnson examines in Part I of an irrelevant history of the modern Games.

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# BOOKTALK

At 44, champagne may go flat, but from George Blanda you can still get a kick

At a time when anyone with a decent clipper, a pen, and a little ink from the wire services can get his life story between hard covers, the "exclusive, authorized" biography of George Blanda, *Blanda Alive and Kicking* (Nash, Los Angeles, \$6.95), is a Renoir among Keenes. If anyone in football deserves to have his life story told, it has to be this 44-year-old quarterback and kicking wonder. With 22 years of professional competition behind him, George is nobody's flash in the pan.

And who better to write it than the only sportswriter who kept the faith back in the dark days at Houston, when Otis Blanda was taking his lumps from fans, press and opposition alike? Now a *San Francisco Examiner* columnist, Author Wells Twombly knows as much about the quarterback's career as anyone outside Blanda's wife Betty. He even describes the ads in the program for Blanda's first pro game (in 1949). He has more anecdotes than George Halas has plays.

Speaking of whom, take that game in '52, with the Bears down 23-18 to Detroit and nine seconds left, Blanda consults Papa Bear. "You're the quarterback," he is told. "You call the play." A play is cooked up in the huddle that wins the game. Halas later brags to the press it was one of his, then warns Blanda never to improvise again.

Twombly succeeds, above all, in painting a vivid and presumably accurate picture of the man who became a living spoonful for sport's Gentile generation. He shows Blanda fighting in the coalmines of Youngwood, Pa., as well as in the symbolic mines of Halas' Chicago and Bud Adams' Houston. "If it isn't the Allegheny Bituminous Coal Company..." Blanda is quoted as saying, "then it is the University of Kentucky... or the Chicago Bears or the Houston Oilers or the Oakland Raiders. It's inescapable."

The book's only real flaw is Twombly's tendency to hot-dog. "Is there no hope? Is this almost the end of our story?" writes Twombly on page 143, when we can see it isn't. He lauds Oakland Owner Al Davis' voice as "honey being poured over velvet," then later criticizes sportswriters who "rack their intellects..." for new and more impressive adjectives.

The book is frankly a paean to Blanda, and the villains are easy to pick out—Halas, Adams, the Houston press corps minus one. In other words, anyone who ever dinged George Blanda. The good guys are obvious too. Although he avoids the first person singular throughout, Twombly is always there before us, as "one who is" or just plain "someone." We know it is Twombly, because "someone" is Blanda's favorite journal.

—STEPHANIE SALTER

MI

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREANER

## FOURTH OF JULY NOTE

The Kansas City Royals, who attempted to restore some significance to *The Star-Spangled Banner* by proposing to play it only on Sundays, holidays and special occasions, have changed their minds, as predicted (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, June 19). Their capitulation drew the following reaction from a disappointed citizen:

"I do not agree that indiscriminate flag-waving is evidence of patriotism. When I was a boy in the 1930s the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner* and the raising of the flag were thrilling moments. In sport, the anthem and the ceremonial raising of the flag were only for major events, like Opening Day or the World Series.

"Then, during World War II, baseball, self-conscious about continuing business as usual during wartime, began to play the anthem and raise the flag before every game in an attempt to equate baseball with patriotism. The custom continued and spread until now flag and anthem before an athletic event have about as much significance as shaking hands. The magic, the thrill, is gone.

"I have a neighbor who has flag decals on his car and who runs the flag up a pole in his front yard every day. I felt sorry for him on Memorial Day. That morning my little boy and I got our big American flag, which had been on my cousin's coffin, from the moth-balled box it is kept in, and ceremoniously went out on the front porch and hung it from the hooks that are always there for it. The flag on Memorial Day is rich in tradition and significance for my son, for my neighbor up the street it was just another day, same old flag. We follow the tradition of an older time. Would you say that my father, growing up around the turn of the century, had less feeling for this country because the anthem and the flag were reserved for special occasions rather than every day? I don't think so.

"Obviously, some so-called traditions are not very old. For instance, *The Stars*

*Spangled Banner* did not officially become the national anthem until 1931. And many loyal, patriotic citizens were distressed that it was chosen instead of the more stirring and significant *American the Beautiful*.

"I think we need less flag-waving and more attention to the Constitution. Do you know how many times the flag is mentioned in the Constitution? The superpatriots might check and see."

## GEORGE IS RIGHT

George Blanda, the hero of the geriatric football fan, is also the most vocal spokesman for pro football's right wing, as opposed to the Dave Meggery-Cup Oliver-Joe Namath free thinkers. Blanda has been traveling around the country promoting his new book and firing pungent opinions on almost anything he is asked. He criticized Namath's reported request for a million dollars over a three-year period by saying, "What has he done to make that much? He hasn't played for the last two years." He thought Joe Kapp was wrong to leave football because the NFL would not let him play without signing a standard contract. "I don't know how or why he could do that," said George. "Everybody has to live by some rules."

He does not support players' moves to liberalize the terms of the standard contract. "I am for the reserve on option clause, I am opposed to 90% of the things the Players' Association is for, I am against strikes in sports."

As for charges that NFL players were "racist, drug-taking bums," he declared, "A fellow told me he thought I was a racist when I was with Houston because I wouldn't throw to Charlie Frazier, but now that I'm with Oakland he knew I wasn't a racist because I throw to Warren Wells. The reason I didn't throw to Frazier was he had bad hands. The reason I throw to Wells is he's got great hands. I discriminate against receivers with bad hands.

"And drugs—Oliver claims he once

lacked a 75-yard field goal while high on mescaline. Hell, when I was at Kentucky I punted a ball 86 yards against Tennessee. At the time, I was high on Polish sausage." Offering an opposite opinion to that expressed in the previous item, Blanda concluded, "I don't need a thing to stimulate me. All I need to get high for a game is to have somebody play the national anthem."

## MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

A fellow we know is in love with beaches, bright lovely stretches of warm clean sand that he remembers from his youth. Each year he searches for the beach of his dreams, and this year he thought he had found it at Guincho in Portugal, 20 miles north of Lisbon, hard by Cabo da Roca, continental Europe's westernmost point. Its mile-long sweep of pristine sand, unmarred by so much as a dead jellyfish or a single unforwade bottle, is sheltered at either end by dramatic headlands. And there is a marvelous inn and restaurant called Estal-



agem Muchaço where a room for two, all meals included, costs \$25 a day.

Our friend trembled with excitement as he registered at the inn. He almost sprained an ankle as he rushed down barefoot to walk along the beautiful beach. A half hour later he returned to his room, a broken man. His feet were covered with a thick, gummy, yellow-brown mass of tar and oil, an hour's scrubbing did more to stain his bathtub than untar his feet. How could such clean sand be so dirty?

creanerd

# "Mr. Dick Butkus told me to get a grown-up camera."



"Well," he says to me, "you're too big to fool around with kiddie cameras."

"Man," I say, "I don't know anything about photography."

"That's why," answers Dick, "this little 35mm rangefinder camera is made for grown-ups like you."

"7-ft. grown-ups?"

"Yeah," he says, "this camera is made by the same people who make the famous Miranda Sensors SLR's. They put all the big features of their expensive jobs into a 4 1/2" camera that even makes color picture taking goof-proof."

"As easy as making baskets?"

I say,

"Just aim and shoot," he says.

"Great," I say, "if I had to fuss with any gadgets I'd break something."

"These Miranda cameras," he says, "have a 3-year guarantee". And they cost less than \$130."

You know, I think to myself, Dick's pretty smart for a football player.

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When Astronauts Shepard and Rhea returned from their historic Apollo-14 flight, they were clean-shaven as when they left 9 days earlier. (Monero decided to give a beard!) The reason? The Wind-Up Monero shaver selected by NASA to keep their comfortable and clean shaven on their long journey. The first secret of the Monero is marvelous performance in its shaving head. Three continuously self-sharpening blades revolve at such a fast clip that they actually give 72,000 cutting strokes per minute. And the guard is so unbelievably thin (3/1000 of an inch—about the thickness of a cigarette paper) that pressure is unnecessary. Just touch the shaver to your face and guide it in circular motions for the smoothest shave ever. The second secret is the power plug. The pin-shaped body of the Monero is filled with a huge wrapping, made of the same Swedish rubber used in the most advanced wash machines. Just wind it up and the Monero shaves and shaves. From ear to

SCORECARD continued

Inquiry at the desk brought out that so much oil is in the water off Guincho that it apparently fragments and insinuates itself between the grains of sand, where it is not noticeable until one's feet go out and collect it. The oil comes from tankers on their way to the huge docks in Lisbon. "They blow their tanks just offshore," the lady at the desk said, "and there is nothing we can do about it." Our man suggested torpedos.

### LONG SLEEP

Oldtimers' games are good baseball fun, but they do get a bit repetitious. Now Bill Giles, promotional genius of the Philadelphia Phils, has come up with a refreshing variation on the old theme. The 1952 All-Star Game was held in Philly, but rain drenched the field and the contest was called in the sixth inning with the National League ahead 3-2. It was the only All-Star Game that did not go nine innings or more. Giles has decided to rectify that. He has invited the 1952 All-Stars to take the field, pick up where they left off and—20 years later—play out the four innings that were wiped away by rain. As you will recall, Hank Sauer, the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1952, had hit a two-run homer to put his league ahead. Little Bobby Shantz, all 5' 6" and 139 pounds of him, who was to win 24 games and become the American League's MVP, had struck out the side, including Jackie Robinson and Stan Musial, in the bottom of the fifth. Now it is the top of the sixth. Bob Rush has a one-and-one count on Minnie Minoso. All right, places every body.

### PARADOX

The Northwest has been experiencing an extraordinary sports boom despite the economic recession that has ravaged the area since the aerospace industry began laying off workers in 1968 (down from about 105,000 then to an estimated 33,000 today). Boat sales are up. Campgrounds are crowded. Visitors fill national and state parks. Skiers were on local slopes in record numbers. Sales of outdoor equipment have been soaring. True, major league baseball failed in Seattle, but locals say that was because of mismanagement; Tacoma's minor league team is up from 49,000 last year to 68,000 this year for the same number of playing dates.

Hockey was a bust last winter, but

again the team was a lemon. On the other hand, the Seattle SuperSonics of the National Basketball Association are a smash hit. Attendance has climbed impressively from 210,000 in 1968-69 to 440,000 last season, third best in the NBA. Even though ticket prices were raised to a \$7 top, 19 games were sellouts.

Thoroughbred racing is thriving, too. In pre-recession 1967, the Longueville track drew 368,000 people and had a \$26.7 million mutual handle. These figures rose steadily through the recession years to 1971's \$89,000 and \$40.7 million, and this year the track is doing about 10%, better than that.

Why the boom? A recreational equipment official says, "More and more kids are excited by the outdoors. They simply are turning away from materialistic things. Getting outdoors is relatively inexpensive." The expense factor is apparently the key. A racetrack man says, "All we can figure is that the recession is keeping people at home. They're not traveling. So they come out here more often."

Did someone say sports is the opiate of the people?

#### TARGET: TOKYO

Honolulu is building a 50,000-seat stadium with a definite eye on attracting major league baseball into the Pacific, and maybe beyond. Minor league ball has been a success in Hawaii, and according to Jack Quinn, general manager of the Pacific Coast League Islanders, "I think we will have a major league franchise here within 10 years." Not a very startling suggestion, it is true, but Quinn adds, "Once Honolulu is in the majors, you'll see Tokyo following. Teams can come here, then jump off and play in Japan." U.S. big-league baseball in Japan? Seems almost as farfetched as putting a man on the moon.

#### SIGN RIGHT HERE

The indiscriminate bounding of sports stars for autographs has been criticized on the grounds that such efforts are no more than phatic communion, a sort of symbolic touching, a momentary sharing of the universe. The signed scrap of paper is shown to one or two people and a week or so later disappears. It seems a silly practice and a pointless chore for the athlete, who probably would rather talk with his fans than blindly scribble signature after signature.

continued



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## SCORECARD continued

Serious gathering of autographs is a different matter, collectors say. Such a one is Irving Rudd, public relations man for New York's Off-Track-Betting Corporation, who treasures an old grammar-school notebook from the early 1930s filled with photos and autographs of major league players of that era. The signatures, which the youthful Rudd got by hanging around Brooklyn's Ebbets Field until the appropriate hero appeared, include those of more than 20 embryonic Hall of Famers (the Hall had not yet been established), including Casey Stengel, then in his early 40s and manager of the Dodgers. Rudd, like a true ball fan, has almost equal affection for those of unremembered players like Watty Clark and Fred Heimach, who between them were in the major leagues for 25 seasons.

The point is that Rudd's collecting efforts were not for the moment but for posterity, so to speak. To young collectors like him today: good luck. To the one-shot pests: go away.

## THEY SAID IT

• Pete Rozelle, on the proposed federal sports commission: "It simply would not be possible to establish rules which could be applied fairly and reasonably to sports in general. Anyone who tried to deal authoritatively with the particular and individual problems of each sport would have to have the knowledge of the Almighty, the judgment of Solomon and the vision of Joan of Arc. I don't find these qualities available in anybody, not even in Howard Cosell."

• Muhammad Ali, on the importance of his fights: "A fight is good for everybody. I'll be working. You press people will be working. The peanut and popcorn people will be working, and Jerry Quarry will make some money for his family."

• Alexander MacArthur, chairman of the Illinois Racing Board, on banning gsmmik bets such as quinellas and trifectas: "We went back to it, and the race started coming out. I'm not about to play cat-and-mouse again."

• Doyle Alexander, Baltimore Oracle reliever, after pitching for the first time in two weeks: "When I got to the mound, Catcher Johnny Oates reminded me that the lower mask was his and the upper one was the umpire's. It was so long since I'd seen the two together that I was glad he reminded me."

END



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WILLIE STARBELL  
.305 47 RBI



AL OLIVER  
.321 47 RBI

**Sports Illustrated**

JULY 2, 1973

# FOUR MURDERERS IN A ROW

*And that is by no means all the champion Pittsburgh Pirates employ to frighten opposing teams. Everybody hits, and the pitchers are turning killer, too*

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



**MANNY SANGUILLEN**  
**.332 34 RBI**



**ROBERTO CLEMENTE**  
**.316 33 RBI**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEPPER

The most frightful nightmares currently disturbing the National League must be those that arrive in the small hours to inflict themselves upon pitchers assigned to face the Pittsburgh Pirates. Sinewy, determined men wielding clubs stride endlessly to the plate—grinning hideously no doubt in anticipation of ridiculing the pitcher, deminking his wife and impoverishing his children. In recent weeks the defending world champions have been mistreating everyone in sight. From May 3 through last weekend they won 34 games and

lost only 12 to achieve a percentage of .739, extraordinarily high for that length of time in a federation that always leans to fratricide.

At one time or another during this long hot streak the Pirates scored 13 runs against the Dodgers in a game televised nationally, scored 12 runs in two other games and 11 in yet another. The team batting average soared as high as .291 and even Outfielder Al Oliver, supposedly a slow-starting hitter, was among the league leaders in both batting average and runs batted in. Naturally, one

of those whose average was higher was Catcher Manny Sanguillen and one of those usually leading him in RBIs was Willie Stargell, who plays the outfield and first base. The Pirates have had some delightful hitting stretches: Dave Cash has the longest (19 games) in the league for the year, Oliver the next longest at 18, Richie Hebner the third at 16 and Sanguillen last week was tied for the fourth longest with 15. All the while Roberto Clemente was slashing toward 3,000 hits, and in the process passed Pie Traynor's club record for RBIs.

continued



Sergio Peña makes Dave Giusti for a save.

Clemente was standing outside the batting cage at Chicago's Wrigley Field last Friday afternoon when he was approached by a member of the ground crew. The weather was harsh, the early arrivals were just starting to make noise and Clemente was rolling his head around and around in that familiar gesture that he contends removes stiffness from his neck. "How goes it, Roberto?" the groundskeeper asked.

Clemente's handsome face broke into a wide smile. "O.K.," he said, "O.K. Some days I hit, some days they fool me. You can't ask for more than that."

Clemente, his aches and his torrid bat are familiar Pittsburgh fare, but Al Oliver is something new. Or to put it differently, there is a new Oliver—maybe even an All-Star one. Oliver, 25, is a left-handed hitter who used to kick so many balls on defense that he was known as *Pelé*. No longer. He catches 'em and keeps 'em. And he has been producing more total bases than any other Pirate. Last year Oliver hit a respectable .282, but when you hit only .282 in Pittsburgh you are belittled by other players. "When this season is over," Oliver said Saturday after blasting a seventh-inning home run against the Cubs, "I think I will be a .300 hitter. If you don't hit .300 on the Pirates, you don't play."

"As a team," says Bob Miller, a pitcher who has played for five division or pennant winners, "the Pirates are deeper than the Pacific Ocean." Steve Blass (*see cover*), who is leading all National

League pitchers with a record of 9-1, regards Pittsburgh's hitters as so awesome that "it frightens me to watch them take batting practice. You wonder what they might do to you if you were traded away. Just think. Clemente, Stargell, Sanguillen, Oliver. All coming up to bat against you, and knowing every pitch you throw."

This week the season moves into July, a vital month for the Pirates, for they face a host of hard-hitting teams: Chicago, Houston, Atlanta, Cincinnati and New York—a prolonged test of Pittsburgh's pitching. Last season the Pirates ripped through July and left the Cubs, Mets and Cardinals grasping at shadows. At present Pittsburgh seems to be on its way to at least another divisional championship, yet nobody refers to it as "the best damn team in baseball" or hints that a mini-dynasty might be abuilding at the confluence of the Allegheny and the Monongahela. "Pirate pitching," the worriers say, "is still suspect." In happy moments they phrase it: "With those hitters, your mother could pitch for the Pirates."

During Pittsburgh's surge attention centered, as usual, on the team's sluggers, who were amassing an average of five runs a game. Less visible was the fact that Pirate pitchers had given up only 2.8. At one stage they turned in four consecutive shutouts. Dock Ellis, Dave Giusti, Ramon Hernandez, Bob Miller and Bob Johnson all worked in one glorious 18-inning, 1-0 win over San Diego. During the 46-game drive, the pitchers gave up three runs or fewer 32 times, and your mother sure can't do that. What is more, at times the Pirates have used a seven-man starting rotation—a display of wealth that other teams must find depressing.

The Pirates have not produced a 20-game winner since Vernon Law in 1960, and they may not produce one this year, either. A deep staff means a pitcher has fewer chances to win his 20. "I believe that this pitching staff is the best we have had in the 19 years I have been with the club," says General Manager Joe Brown. "It has a depth and versatility not present in other years. Yes, we do have seven men who can start [Blass, Ellis, Nelson Briles, Bob Moose, Luke Walker, Johnson and Bruce Kison] and some of them can also be used in relief. This gives Manager Bill Virdon even more maneuverability."

On Friday afternoon a packed Wrig-

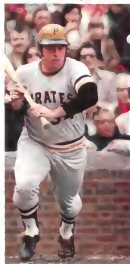
ley Field was given a painful demonstration of Pittsburgh's mound power. The Cubs had also been on a hot streak, having won 32 of their last 46 games. The pitching match-up was a delight: Ferguson Jenkins against Blass, pitching star of the 1971 World Series and the winner of seven consecutive games.

It was cold and windy when Blass got to the ball park and as he looked out at the flags on the centerfield scoreboard he saw them fluttering toward home plate. "When the wind blows in," he said, "the pitcher has more of a chance. I've pitched here when the wind was blowing out. I didn't pitch very long here when the wind was blowing out."

Blass relies on a slider, a fastball and a change-curve, and his fastball can be thrown so that it either rises or sinks. "I can get away with my slider when the wind is coming in because the ball won't carry out for homers," he said. "But you still like to throw the sinking fastball for double plays."

Blass found himself in trouble in the first, second, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth innings but worked his way out with three double plays, a called third

Nelson Briles tees a bomb against the Cubs.



strike and a fine catch in foul ground by Vic Davalillo. In the ninth Blass walked Rick Monday with one out and Virdon called in reliever extraordinary Dave Giusti, who threw one pitch to Ron Santo and got a double play.

"Giusti is my roommate," Blass said gratefully after the game. "I order him room service, and I go out and get him a beer whenever he wants one."

"During the Series I called us the no-name pitching staff. In no way was that meant to tear down our pitchers. I had just heard so much about Baltimore's four 20-game winners that I got a little tired of it. I still believe you have to have a 20-game winner on your staff or no one pays any attention to it. You aren't going to change anyone's mind with guys who win nine games."

But finding Blass or any other Pittsburgh pitcher at the top of the rankings is not unheard of. About this time last season Dock Ellis was ahead in victories and in percentage. Ellis, whose fame as a fancier of the mod life now precedes him—last week he had a giant water bed at his disposal in Chicago's Executive House—arrived at the All-Star break in 1971 with a record of 14-3. Ellis speculated naively that he would not get a chance to open the game against Vida Blue "because they wouldn't start two goal brothers against one another." Ellis started, lost and finished the season with 19 wins and nine losses. Elbow problems slowed him drastically the last 2½ months. He threw only five innings in the playoffs and two in the Series. Now Ellis has a record of 7-3 and an earned run average of 2.40—though only one complete game in 11 starts.

Ah, well, complete games, to use a Supreme Court word, are an anomaly anyway. Through last week the Pirates had a team total of only 10, which tied them with the New York Mets and put them slightly ahead of Cincinnati, but left them far behind both the Cubs (26) in the National League and Baltimore (25) in the American. Blass had four, plus one shutout of the Pirates' six. Only the shutout by Blass and another by Bob Moose were complete games. The other four were achieved in combination form, as if Virdon were ordering in a Chinese restaurant. One was Blass-Miller-Hernandez, one Ellis-Kison, another Walker-Miller-Hernandez, and another the 18-inning Ellis-Giusti-Hernandez-Miller-Johnson job.

Pittsburgh stood fifth in the league in pitching in 1971 and third in 1970 when the team won the East Division but lost to Cincinnati in the playoffs. This season the Pirates are third again, so those who disparage the team's pitching must have been mesmerized by the batting statistics. Giusti, left off the All-Star team for two straight seasons despite brilliant work, has already finished 19 games and saved 10. Hernandez, a 31-year-old left-hander, has finished 10 games, saved four, won three and has an earned run average of 0.64.

A check of low-run games worked by National League pitching staffs during 1970 and 1971 is revealing. The Mets had 126 games in which their pitchers gave up two runs or less, Cincinnati had 118, Chicago 114 and Los Angeles 113. Pity the poor Pirates. All they had was the most: 127.

"If you look at our staff," says Blass, "you will find that a pitcher seldom gets more than 33 starts. At least five times he is going to work to no decision. That makes winning 20 games difficult."

In 1971 Blass started 33 times, had 10 no-decision games and a record of 15-8. "In their heyday," says Brown, "the Yankees seldom had a 20-game winner. But they had quite a few pitchers who were seven or eight games over .500, and that's one of the main reasons they were so great."

If the figure 20 seems keenly on Blass' mind, he can be forgiven, for he tasted last October the pleasures of fame, and knows that being a 20-game winner will keep him in the public eye. "Only in recent months," says Blass, "has it begun to dawn on me what happened in the World Series. Just the idea of getting into two games was something special. To be lucky enough to win two games is unimaginable to me even now."

"This year I have given up a lot of home runs, 11. But you tend to forget that when the team is winning. Every pitcher keeps a mental list. The hitters who hurt you, you don't forget. Billy Williams and Willie McCovey have hurt me bad at times. I'm not an overpowering pitcher. I have to help myself in every way I can. It is nice to know this team will get you runs."

"One of the things that we are proud of," says Brown, "is that the nucleus of our team came through our own organization." Expansion baseball plus the fact that some general managers seem

to trade to keep the kettle boiling have made the Pirate system unusual in this regard. On days when Bob Robertson, the only Pirate in a slump this spring, is at first base, Pittsburgh's starting lineup shows Sanguillen catching, Dave Cash at second, Gene Alley at short, Richie Hebner at third, Stargell in left, Oliver in center and Clemente in right. Of that group only Clemente was not developed from within, and Roberto has been in Pittsburgh for 18 seasons after being drafted away from the Dodgers for a mere \$4,000.

Finally, the most disheartening thing to Pirate opponents may well be the hitting of some of the players who do not get to work regularly. Rennie Stennett is at .345, Gene Cline is at .344, Jose Pagan at .306 and Bill Mazeroski at .286.

"And," says Steve Blass, with what might be construed as a hideous grin, "Manny Sanguillen bats sixth. Sixth!"

From which position Sunday that blithe spirit belted the first grand-slam home run of his career to win yet another for the Pirates. It's nightmare time for pitchers. And sweet dreams, Pittsburgh fans.

END

Dock Ellis, wife and daughter on family day.



# BRITANNIA RULES BERMUDA'S WAVES

Out of a storm-tossed fleet came the coolest crew on the ocean to seize a classic race for England

by HUGH D. WHALL



"Noryema" close-reaching on starboard tack, her point of sailing for nearly the entire race.

An Englishman of the old, sporting kind, he had the look of lion hide stretched over oaken barrel staves. When he came into Bermuda last week after a crossing from Newport on wrathful seas and in winds that soaped the masts and tore the sails of other boats, he was an object of admiration and curiosity. "Mr. Amey," yelled one man from dockside as the Englishman's sloop, called *Noryema*, was made secure, "we'd like to congratulate you on what looks like your victory in the Bermuda race."

"Well, thank you very much. Thank you very much, indeed," said the Englishman softly. "But, you see, I'm afraid I am not Mr. Amey. I'm Ted Hicks."

Thus did the mid-Atlantic island begin to puzzle out the mysteries of the 1972 running of the world's foremost ocean race, one in which a record entry of 178 yachts learned again how majestic the North Atlantic can be and how vulnerable are the boats that risk its furies.

Teddy Hicks, a small, sunburned man with eyes begging for sleep, turned out

to be chief assistant to the British industrialist Roo Amey, whose group of some 50 companies deals in sand, gravel and dredging. *Noryema* is Amey's boat and the apple of his eye. He had intended to sail her himself, but an urgent business deal took him back to England just before the race was to start, on June 16. So it was that Hicks was skipper when *Noryema*, a Class C boat, became the first English winner in the 66-year history of the biennial rush to the Onion Patch. Amey had outfitted *Noryema*, a 48-footer designed by Sparkman & Stephens of New York and built in Finland, with tender, spendthrift care. And then he had gone home to make more money to buy more boats to win more races—and had missed out on the one he wanted most of all.

Amey blew a thriller. When the fleet departed Newport, sails were already taut with a 20-mph breeze. That was on a Friday afternoon. Out in the ocean the wind freshened, and by Monday evening the leaders were listening to the screech of 50-mph gusts through the rig-

ging and contemplating the beauty and terror of 10-foot seas.

It is 635 miles from Newport to Bermuda as the 707 flies. That direct route, in seaman's parlance the rhumb line, is rarely taken by a racing sailor. He knows that the Gulf Stream, eddying generally north at variable speeds, will carry him astray, so he sets a course based on wind forecasts, experience, intuition and prayer.

For many in this year's fleet such reckoning became secondary to survival. The smaller boats were spitting about the Atlantic like drops of ice water in sizzling fat. Nor were the big boats much better off. The wind blew the masts out of Bermudian Sir Bayard Dill's *Duchess of Devonshire*, and all the world's computers could not THINK Vincent Learson, president of IBM, through the storm. He had won the race in 1966 with *Thunderbird*, but his new boat *Nepenthe* was dismantled in 1970, and now he saw her dismantled again. *Skylark*, out of Oxford, Md., lost her stick. *Cruzan*, the gold-plater owned by Britain's Sir Max

Anken, suffered mast damage. The spanking new *La Forza del Destino*, winner of the Block Island race, lost her steering and began the tricky business of edging toward Bermuda from 15 miles out by means of sail and motor. The U.S. Naval Academy enjoyed no victory at sea. Its 73-foot ketch *Jubilee III* ripped her aluminum hull like a washboard by copping down too hard on a log—or a whale—and its big sloop *Race* snapped her headstay.

*Sorcery* radioed for an ambulance to stand by to treat an injured crewman. And even with her race over and shore but a moment away the 73-foot ketch *Blackfin* was in jeopardy. Her engine refused to start and only a dead-accurate heave of a towline to a rescue tug kept her off the beach.

It was a beach that one of the swiftest yachts in the world found desperately elusive. *Windward Passage* blew out two sails just mooseying up to the starting line, but led the whole fleet until reaching a point a mere 35 miles from the finish line. Unfortunately, her normal working sails had by then surrendered to the gale, and the wind was still roaring. For the first time in her three-year life she ran up a storm trysail, and as her principal competitors sped past she just stood there pounding a hole in the ocean.

Even as the wind howled and spars splintered, Race Committeeman Syd Rogers spoke of the event's intrinsic challenge. "Everyone talks about the Fastnet, and of course it is a great race," he said. "But what most people forget is that in the Fastnet you are never more than 75 miles from land, whereas in this one you cannot usually call on anyone's help because you are hundreds of miles offshore and you had jolly well better know what you are doing. When you go, you go, and no turning back, and no turning in. You take what you get."

True enough. But while we thirst to tell tales of perils overcome and disasters forestalled by Teddy Hicks and his winning crew, there is this thing about lion-hearted Englishmen. They are reticent. Hicks, a former mountain climber who got stranded at Dunkirk and spent World War II in German prison camps, is of the kind that, stripped of his last fingernail under torture, might complain, "Oh, I say, that was rather naughty."

Hicks was captain and navigator, abetted by seven English crewmen and one American, all of whom might have com-

plained of inaction had they been at Trafalgar. "It was bloody awful, basically," said Crewman Tony Davis. "We stayed so long on one tack." By that Davis meant the trip was boring. In *Noryema's* sail locker were six of the finest running and reaching spinnakers Amey's money could buy. At no time was the sloop far enough off the wind to utilize any of its fancy cloth. "The race," said Davis, "just went on and on and on."

Happily it is the theory aboard *Noryema* that a dry ship is a spiritless one and a wet ship a contented, relaxed one. *Noryema* was wet in more ways than one. Sailing her in those seas was like driving a truck off a two-story building at six mph every couple of minutes. In such conditions some dampness finds its way aboard. And every evening *Noryema* broke out the grog to keep all hands loose and counteract any feeling of ennui.

But even on *Noryema* the long, vicious teeth of the wind dictated a pru-

dent display of sail. Paul Antrobus, who did the selecting, had her canvas reduced to no more than a deeply reefed main and a single headsail as the winner staggered across the finish line at 8:28 Tuesday morning—a line unmarked by the formal committee boat at that moment because its anchor had refused to hold. Hicks & Co. were three days, 18 hours, 43 minutes out of Newport and indeed first overall on corrected time. The last boat to finish did not appear until two days later.

Hicks' identity having been ascertained at last, he was asked a few questions. His age, for one.

"That's a very naughty question," he said. "I'm 64."

What would he be up to next?

"The transatlantic race to Spain in a week's time."

Wasn't that quite a lot of sailing for one year?

"Yes. By the time I get home I shall be a very tired old man."

END

*Skipper Teddy Hicks (at the wheel) and his mates wear victory smiles at dockside*





## THEY LEFT US SINGING THE BLUES

*In what may have been their last appearance as a team, those wily Italians, the Kings of the Cards, easily topped the Aces and the rest of the pack to win the bridge Olympiad and their 13th world title* **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

It was, it seemed, the Tower of Babel risen anew, although the architecture was undeniably Miami Beach Baroque. There they were, occupying the Americana Hotel, long the playground of New York garment district hedonists and AFL-CIO sun-worshippers, this polyglot mass of people drifting about among the azure plastic bar stools, chattering in Polish and Arabic, French and Dutch, Swedish and German, Italian and Chinese. Even when they spoke English, their talk was often indecipherable, for they cried out excitedly over such things as "unfinessable queens" and "stiffaces"

and "pseudo squeezes" and "Precision clubs."

But though the tongues in its lobby seemed twisted and the syntax at the swimming pool arcane, the Americans of Bal Harbour still finished up last week as something of a monument, not a high-rise tribute to jabberwocky but a kind of historical landmark in the world of bridge (a rather twisted and arcane place in its own right). The occasion was the fourth World Team Olympiad, a bizarre and exhausting affair which brought bridge players from 39 countries to Florida to compete. A bridge Olympiad—

an arbitrary title since card games have not made the true Olympian summit as yet—is in itself not all that noteworthy. But the event at the Americana wound up featuring a final contest some called The Bridge Match of the Century: the celebrated *Squadra Azzura*, the marvelous Blue Team of Italy, against the world champion U.S. team, the Aces, a group more or less owned and operated by Ira G. Corn, a 300-pound Texas millionaire. In a positively mystical display of brilliant bridge, the Blues won, proving to the satisfaction of just about everybody that whether or not the Blues—



Aces clash was a Match of the Century, the Italian six was indeed the greatest team the game has ever seen. Once the Olympiad was over, the Blues left it be known that here, in the Americana, they had played their swan song and would never again appear as a unit. Maybe.

This is the second time the Blues have disbanded. Beginning in 1957 they won 10 consecutive world championships and two Olympiads. In 1969 they retired and Corn's Aces won the world championship in their absence. But the Blues had promised after the '68 Olympiad in Deauville, France that they would return to defend in '72, and thus the stage was set for the great confrontation, it having been a foregone conclusion from the first card played when the Olympiad began on June 9 that these two teams would reach the finals.

A bridge Olympiad is not quite like any other sports championship event. For one thing, there are no basic qualifying requirements to guarantee the skill of the entrants. Thus there is a truly stupefying contrast between the good teams and the poor. For certain countries, one major factor in selecting a team is to find bridge players who can afford to travel, take two or three weeks off from work and pay their hotel bills. As Corn rumbled last week, "A good four out of six of these teams don't play bridge on the same planet with the better ones. It's nothing but a big pigeon shoot for the first two weeks."

It is indeed. The first 13 days of this Olympiad were spent in a mind-boggling marathon round-robin competition to select the four teams to enter the semifinals. Each of the 39 teams had to play 20 hands against every other team. There were three sessions a day and rarely did any day's play end before 1 a.m. As the days and nights dragged on, the pigeons fluttered and grew more wan. Bridge players, as a rule, look as if they had just spent the last five years in a fluorescent-lighted air-raid shelter, but in Miami they began to look like lifetime citizens of Death Row.

Despite the tension and fatigue, disputes and protests were rare. Occasionally, there were complaints that players were doing an unconscionable lot of talking in incomprehensible languages at the bridge table, but no one was penalized. Considering some of the pairings, they hardly could have been. Although each team is assembled by a national federation, there is no hard rule about the ac-

tual nationality of the players. Thus, a Swede played for Germany, a Hungarian for Australia, an Egyptian for England and the Nationalist Chinese team from Taiwan boasted a professor from Purdue and an engineer from Bell Laboratories in New Jersey. The Philippines team had two Chinese, two Spaniards and a Portuguese with a Canadian passport, but Switzerland had the highest polyphyletic rating of all with a Bolivian, two Italians, a Greek and a chap from Chicago.

The strategy in playing the round robin was for the good teams to perform an all-out blitz against the poor ones whenever possible, the four finalists being selected on the basis of total points accumulated. Nevertheless, a few of the truly puny teams rose up and smote the giants. Bermuda defeated the Aces and Peru belted the Blues.

But when the eliminations were at last over, the Blues were on top and the Aces were second. No one had ever doubted that they would finish there, if for no other reason than that each had three partnerships of world-class caliber while most teams struggled through with only one or possibly two sterling pairs. The other two semifinalists were France and Canada. The Blues quickly crushed the French, winning 178 IMPs to 88, and the Aces were even more merciless in eliminating Canada 203 to 85.

Then came the Match of the Century, a head-to-head clash over 88 boards. The Blues—Walter Avarotti, Giorgio Belladonna, Pietro Forquet, Benito Garozzo, Mimmo d'Aleiso and Camillo Papis Tucci—are a relatively elderly team. Their average age is 52. The Aces—Jim Jacoby, Bobby Wolff, Paul Soloway, Bob Hamman, Bobby Goldman, Mike Lawrence—average 35. For years, opponents have tried all manner of tactics and tricks to defeat the Blues. During one world championship, the U.S. captain assigned a sexy American woman full time to keep a key Italian player from getting any sleep. Years ago, Belladonna was known to loathe cigar smoke, so team captains usually had their heaviest cigar smokers play against him. Belladonna outfoxed them by forcing himself to smoke cigars and now he is one of the heaviest smokers in bridge.

The Aces had no such foolery in mind. "We will try to do things that are not in our ordinary pattern of play," said Ira Corn. "Other than that, we will just

hope we're confident." Unfortunately, confident was exactly what the Americans were not. They had lost to the Blues in an exhibition in Las Vegas last winter, they had lost to them badly during the round robin and they simply seemed overwhelmed from the start.

Doorn was written on their game as early as the sixth board. Wolff and Jacoby were playing a four-spade contract against Forquet and Garozzo, and the normally conservative Forquet had doubled. A rich total of 12 IMPs lay ahead for the Aces if they made the contract, but they would lose 8 IMPs if they did not. It was a most important moment, for the Blues had leaped into a quick 18-0 lead. In order to make the hand, Jacoby had to take an early, daring finesse through Garozzo toward Forquet. Had it been anyone but Forquet, Jacoby probably would have tried it. Against the stoic-faced Neapolitan he backed off, choosing not to take the gamble. The Aces went down, the Blues soared. The Aces rallied mightily later on but never could gain any momentum against the magnificent *Squadra Azzurra*. The final score was 203-138.

Whether the Blues are really retired for all time—or only until next year, when the Aces defend their Bermuda Bowl world championship—remains to be seen. If, as Benito Garozzo said, they will play "never again," then the fourth Olympiad in the plastic land of Miami was indeed an event to remember. **END**



Belladonna and Garozzo fished the Aces.

**I LOOK  
AT MYSELF  
AND ASK,  
'DO I  
DESERVE  
TO BE  
THERE?'**

by JACK NICKLAUS

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER DODD JR.



*Immediately after winning the U.S. Open at Pebble Beach two weeks ago Jack Nicklaus flew back to his home in Florida to watch his son Steve play in a Little League championship game, then took a brief vacation at Great Harbour Cay in the Bahamas. There, in the company of Staff Writer Mark Mahon, he reflected on his victory, the tournament's critical holes, an amazing duelism, what it means to him to have equaled Bobby Jones' record for winning major championships and his strategy and hopes for the British Open at Muirfield—step three toward the Grand Slam.*

**L**et's go back to the 10th hole of my final round Sunday afternoon. As millions of television viewers may remember, it looked for a few moments as if I was about to throw the whole U.S. Open into the Pacific Ocean. When I stepped onto the tee I assumed I was still leading, probably by a stroke or two, but I couldn't know for sure because there were not many scoreboards at Pebble Beach. All I knew for certain was that I had turned the front side in even-par 36, which I figured was as good a score as any player had posted, considering the strong winds, the cementlike greens and the mental pressures. Also, Lee Trevino, my playing partner and the man I thought would make the best move at me, had turned in a three-over-par 39. Everything else was a blank. I certainly never even dreamed that I held a four-shot lead which, as it turned out, I did.

On the 10th hole, one of the toughest par 4s in golf, so tough that only one of the top 10 finishers in the Open made even a par there on Sunday, I wanted to land my tee shot on the right side of the fairway because the pin was set on the left side of the green and the long right-to-left route to the green offered the only hazard-free approach. I had not missed a drive to the right all week long, and I had no reason to think I was going to miss this one. But a gust of wind hit me on my backswing and forced me slightly off-balance. The result was a bad slice that landed on a neck of the beach along Carmel Bay. Oh, well, the Pacific Ocean is not out-of-bounds at Pebble Beach. As I walked out onto the cliff overlooking the beach 100 feet below, I thought I would be able to play the ball. Then I saw it. It

looked like a fried egg sunny-side up. It was badly plugged, embedded in the wet sand. Sure, I could have played it, but I did not think I could get it back onto level land in one shot. So I did the only sensible thing: took a one-stroke penalty and dropped another ball over my shoulder.

I then walked ahead about 75 yards to where my drives usually landed and calculated the total distance to the pin. It was 221 yards—exactly. A two-iron shot, I thought. "Hit it onto the green, Jack," I said to myself, "take your two putts for a bogey and then run to the next tee." I hit the ball solidly into a crosswind, and for a fleeting second I thought it was going to end up in the middle of the green. But I didn't have enough club—I needed a one-iron—and the ball disappeared over the cliff, short and to the right of the green. Was I mad? Not really. I figured I was not the only player making mistakes. And you don't get mad at Pebble Beach because it will only hurt you worse. Luckily, my ball was sitting up nicely in the deep rough. I hit a fair shot with my sand wedge and the ball rolled up about 10 feet short of the cup. Then I thought I made a perfect putt. Putts break toward the ocean, right? Well, usually. But this one, to my amazement, broke left at the hole—away from the ocean—and I had my first double bogey of the Open.

So forget it, fast. I made a routine par at the 11th, and now I became really curious for the first time. Was I still leading or had some other player taken over? No matter. I still had to contend with Pebble Beach. I went for my three-iron at the par-3 12th, hit what I thought was a perfect shot: a boring hole into a crosswind. The ball carried

*Continued*

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the big bunker in front, landed 10 feet short of the pin and, as I watched dejectedly from the tee, bounced crazily on the hard green and skipped over everything, finally rolling down a sharp embankment and stopping in the worst lie imaginable, buried in thick grass.

As I walked onto the green, I sneaked my first look all day at a leader board. When I do look at a board, all I want to know are the scores. The names never interest me. Now I saw that I still led the Open. And by two shots! But here I was staring at a bogey—at least. No way I was going to charge the shot and watch it gallop into the bunker on the far side. As it was, I missed hitting a perfect shot by a matter of inches, the ball stopping in the short rough at the top of the embankment behind the green. Then I pitched the ball from the embankment, and it rolled about eight feet below the cup. I now felt I had to make this putt—or else.

"Look," I said to myself, "you've just made one double bogey and you're not going to make another one." I was not nervous. I worked as hard as I could on the putt. It was easy to read; play the ball about half an inch outside the right edge of the cup. A right-to-left putt. Easier than a left-to-right putt any day. What it all came down to was a mat-

ter of making myself feel comfortable over the ball, something I had not been able to do all week. (I discovered the reason for my putting discomfort when I returned home to Palm Beach, Fla. the day after the Open. When I play in a televised tournament I have a friend, Sock-eye Davis, videotape it for me, and later I study the tape in an attempt to find flaws in my game. Well, Monday afternoon I watched the complete 5½ hours of the Open that ABC televised live, and right away I noticed that my right shoulder was much too low as I putted. This meant I was cramped over the ball, that I had to lift my right shoulder in order to take the putter away from the ball. Bad. My shoulders should never move during my putting stroke.)

However, I did get comfortable over the putt on the 12th green, and I tapped the ball ever so gently. There was never a doubt. And here's the kind of man Trevino is. When my ball was halfway to the hole, he shouted, "Get in there!" It did. I had saved my bogey and kept the lead. Looking back, that was the putt that won the Open.

I parred the 13th and the 14th, then birdied the 15th with a 12-foot putt. It was a right-to-left break again, thank you. Although I had not seen a leader board since the 12th green, I figured I

must be leading. After hitting my second shot to the 16th green, I knew it because a man yelled out from the gallery, "Don't worry about it, Jack, you're ahead by three." Then, for the first time all week, I felt I did not have to play the course to win. Pars were no longer vital. I figured I could win with a couple of bogeys and one par. And I got the par at 16. But as I walked to the 17th tee a funny feeling hit me.

That morning I had awakened at seven o'clock. I usually sleep very well the night before the last round of a tournament, but not this time. From seven to nine I must have played the 17th and the 18th holes 1,000 times in my mind. As I imagined it, I arrived at the 17th with a four-stroke lead. But there was no way I could make par on the 17th because I knew the USCIA would place the pin on the left side of the hump on the green, and I couldn't reach there with an iron. So I decided to take my bogey at 17. The 18th hole, as I tossed and turned in bed, was even worse: I was still leading by two shots, but I had no way to get the ball into the fairway off the tee. I played a driver off the tee, then a three-wood, finally a one-iron—over and over and over again. I hit the ball into the ocean or out-of-bounds every time. At last I jumped out of bed and told my wife Barbara, "I've played the 17th and 18th holes for two hours—and I can't play them. I don't know what I'm going to do if I ever get there today with a three- or four-shot lead, but I don't want to play there again right now."

Oddly enough, I did have a three-stroke lead that afternoon when I reached the 17th. Instead of deciding on a safe shot out to the right, though, I hit one of my best one-irons dead into the wind. I could not see the ball after it cleared the bunker in front, but it struck the pin and stopped only inches away. It was a tap-in for a birdie and it gave me a four-stroke lead going to the final hole. Despite my early-morning fears about the 18th, I hit the fairway easily, played up short and then pitched onto the green.

Before I putted I checked with the officials to find out what was the lowest score. Sometimes leader boards are inaccurate, to say nothing of reports from the gallery, and maybe my four-shot lead was only one or two. Bruce Crampton, whose five-over-par 293 made him the



White son Jackie holds on, Dad receives congratulations from the sports fan in Washington.

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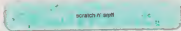
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The Bosch fuel injection system takes continuous readings on variables like engine temperature, intake manifold pressure and r.p.m.'s, and feeds the data into an electronic "brain" composed of 220 components, including transistors and diodes.

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At \$3,325\* the Coupe is a most tempting alternative. While it doesn't have all the sophistications of the Sports Coupe, it does have the same front-wheel drive, steering and gear box. Which means it'll drive circles around every sport coupe around. Except one.



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clubhouse leader, held up five fingers and showed them to me. Now I could six-put and still tie. Instead, I three-putted to win by three.

The Open, of course, had been the only thing on my mind since I won the Masters in April. As always, I arrived at the Open site for intensive practice sessions more than a week before the start of the tournament. And, as always, many people thought I should have been in Philadelphia playing in the regular tour event instead of practicing at Pebble Beach.

Personally, I am tired of this criticism. I have always thought there are some special tournaments in the game of golf—the major championships are four of them—and I have always felt that when you have something a little extra special, a tournament for which the USGA, say, has spent at least a year really preparing and toughening the course, then you cannot take just a day or two to study it.

I appreciate that there is another side to this: that I am hurting the tournaments I skip in order to practice for Augusta or the U.S. Open or the British Open or the PGA. But I can't believe my absence can ruin a tournament. We have plenty of good players on the tour today. Someone asked me at Pebble, "What if everyone skipped the tournament the week before the Open?" Well, everyone doesn't. If they did, we wouldn't schedule a tournament. It's that simple. Every player on the tour has the same opportunity I have to prepare for a major championship. If he chooses not to exercise that option, well, that is his business. Ben Hogan, Bobby Jones, all the great players, would arrive a week or two early at the site of a major championship and really prepare in their attempt to win. Take Jones. The year he won his Grand Slam, Jones played in only six tournaments.

To Jones golf was a sport of integrity—not dollars. Unfortunately for golf, I'm afraid too many pros on the tour play the game for commercial value only. Maybe it is easy for me to say, now that I have made a nice living from golf, but if I ever lose sight of the fact that golf is a sport, then I will lose sight of the meaning of the game. If I were paid a salary to play golf, I'd give the game up. Believe me, I had many thoughts about trying to follow in Jones' footsteps and stay an amateur, and I talked

to him about this several times. But as he agreed: economically, in my time, you cannot do that. Unless, of course, you have a lot of money to begin with. I also feel an amateur can't reach his potential today because his competition is so limited. Some of my most enjoyable times with golf, as a game, come in these preparations. Like at Pebble Beach. Beginning on Wednesday, eight days before the start of the Open, I practiced in the morning, played 18 holes in the afternoon with various friends and relatives, including my 10-year-old son Jackie, and then went off with my caddy and spent three or four hours at selected holes on the course.

During practice sessions the week before a tournament you are permitted to hit extra balls off the tee and to the green. Once the official practice rounds begin, however, you can play only one ball. I usually worked at five or six different holes late every day. I would hit two or three tee shots from various positions on the tee, then three or four iron shots from assorted locations in the fairway and rough. I hit sand shots from all the traps and, I think, sort of mastered them; only once during the Open did I fail to get the ball up and down from a bunker in two shots. I played approaches from the rough and the fringes around the green. I learned, for example, that the last place I wanted to be on the first hole was left of the green with my second shot. I missed the green long, short and to the right the first three days—but never to the left. Go left, I knew, and you might make double bogey. And I putted for hours on all the greens, trying to understand their subtleties.

By the time most of the other players checked in Monday morning I had finished my practice work. I played a leisurely 18 holes on Monday, hit balls for about 30 minutes on Tuesday and then played 18 holes again Wednesday. Arnold Palmer followed much the same practice routine that I did, and he finished third in the Open. That long week of practice certainly did not hurt either of us.

Now it is on to Muirfield for the British Open. I may not win there, but I'm going to give myself every possible chance by preparing properly. Right now I am relaxing with my family at Great Harbour Cay. I brought my small British golf balls and my British clubs with

me. I will not play a lot, but I will hit balls and play three or four rounds with my oldest boys. By the time I leave Great Harbour for my home in Palm Beach, where I will start the serious work of getting ready to win at Muirfield, I will be reasonably familiar with both the small ball and my English clubs.

The British ball is about 1/16th of an inch smaller than the American ball. Both balls weigh the same, however. The British ball does a little bit less of everything. It slices less than the American ball. It doesn't fly as high. It doesn't hook as much. And it doesn't spin as much. But it does go farther, primarily because the American ball has a velocity acceleration limit of 250 feet per second. The British ball has no velocity restrictions. The ball I play in Australia is so fast it will easily outdistance any big ball in the world by 30 yards. So it pays to get used to the British ball. My English clubs are the exact same weight and have the same balance and loft angles as my American clubs. They are shaped a bit differently at the head. Nothing to worry about there.

I will leave for Muirfield on July 4 and probably play my first practice round on the fifth. Muirfield has been good to me. I won both my Walker Cup matches as an amateur there in 1959, and I won the British Open there in 1966. I think it is the best course in Britain, although the small ball probably makes it too short. For me it will be a one-iron course: in 1966 I used my driver only 17 times in four rounds. The fairways are pinched tightly out around 240 yards, and it makes no sense to try and fly your drive into such small landing areas. Like Pebble Beach, Muirfield demands patience. You must not get mad at it.

How I'd love to win at Muirfield this year. Bobby Jones was my idol, and now I have tied his record of winning 13 major championships. The British Open would be No. 14. I am proud to be in Jones' company. You always hear athletes talking about what might happen in the future, and all of a sudden it happens. Like I talked about these 13 major championships for so many years. Now I have them, and I'm so dumfounded I don't know what to say. I look at myself and ask, "Am I that good? Do I deserve to be there?" I knew Bobby Jones well, and I like to think he would have been very happy about it.

END

# BABES WHO ARE GOING GUNNING

After a numbing fortnight of play, the U.S. Olympic basketball team was selected last week. It is young, balanced and brash, just the sort of club to put down the strong threat from abroad by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

America held the first of its quadrennial political conventions high in the Colorado Rockies last week and for soaring exuberance, bitter disappointment, grandiose groaning, foppish lobbying and closed-door pressuring, the Democrats and Republicans will be hard pressed to match the exhausting Olympic Trials that dragged on for two weeks at the Air Force Academy. Yet maybe it was worth it. What Coach Henry Iba and the selection committee finally came up with to represent the United States at Munich turned out to be the ultimate in new-look tickets—a fresh, unfledged and callow group of children; the youngest team to go forth into battle since *Lord of the Flies*.

"I got me a bunch of babies here," Iba said one evening after observing an endless stream of faces, names, numbers and colored uniforms running around below him. "But there's a lot of talent, too. We'll just have to get some leaders and some brutes who won't get pushed around."

The youthful flavor of this year's team is by design, not happenstance. The United States has never lost an Olympic basketball game, much less a gold medal in the sport, but four years ago at Mexico City several international teams appeared to have caught up with the Americans (notably Russia, Yugoslavia and Brazil) and U.S. officials quickly realized that the Red, White and Blue could no longer field one of its usual pickup teams and expect the rest of the world to lie down and play green. One result was Olympic development camps where high school seniors and college freshmen, among others, could begin early to compete under international rules, which put a premium on nonstop action, physical strength and rough bawling. Another was a new sense of determination. By the time Iba and Coaches Don Haskins and John Bach gathered in Colorado Springs, they knew what they were after.

In contrast to the relaxed 1968 Olympic

Trials at Albuquerque, the atmosphere last week was stern and cloistered. Everyone was confined to the Academy grounds ("This awful prison base," Ohio State's Allan Hornsby called it). They lived in cadet quarters, had seven a.m. wake-ups, 11:30 p.m. lights-out and the use of hardly any telephones or television.

"I'm hating this whole thing," said Ed Ratleff of Long Beach, who was to make the team. "Everything is a mile away. All we do is walk up and down steps. Where is the air?"

"I haven't seen a shaved leg in 12 days," said Doug Collins of Illinois State, who made it also. And another brand-new Olympian of ol' countrified tastes and manner spoke for the multitude. "When this is over, me and my partners are taking a van to the hills, opening up some Coors and turning on the stereo. And I ain't never, ever comin' back to this here Air Force Academy military fighter place."

The format of the trials also had been vastly overhauled since the confusing "alphabet war" of four years ago when the NCAA, AAU, NAIA, Armed Forces, NJCAA and everyone but NASA fielded some kind of squad. In Colorado there were eight teams composed in Mixmaster fashion of college kids, AAU veterans and military personnel, all of whom played each other—for a total of 28 games in seven days. While this system rendered spectators deaf, dumb and stumbling blind, it also evened up the competition, merged identities and made for fewer arguments, political power plays and hurt feelings in the selection meetings. When the trials were over the U.S. seemed to have a balanced, young and exciting squad. Here it is.

Centers: Swen Nater, UCLA; Dwight Jones, Houston; Tom Burleson, North Carolina State.

The best amateur center in the world, the feared and acclaimed Bill Walton,

stayed away because of bad knees, but the selection committee picked Walton's teammate and proxy, Nater.

This is no fluke. The 6'11", 253-pound native of Holland has been playing the game for only three years but he bounded out from the shadows of the UCLA bench last week with a fury, and he is ready to shine. He started shooting the moment he hit camp and did not stop until he had led all scorers. "He knows once he gets back to Bruin land there will be no more free shots," said one pro scout.

Jones, who performed below expectations in the Pan-Am Games last summer and then had a disappointing sophomore winter at Houston, is bent on redemption and, at times last week, he played up to his considerable potential. In one game, however, Big D got in a scuffle, was taken out and sulked on the bench for 16 minutes (the committee counted). "You can't lose your temper more than once," said Iba. "All Jones has to do is concentrate to really help us." All Burleson has to do is stand around. He is 7'4", and happily does a lot more than stand.

Forwards: Bobby Jones, North Carolina; Mike Bantom, St. Joseph's; John Brown, Missouri; Jim Brewer, Minnesota.

The second Jones boy to make the team is undoubtedly the biggest surprise of all the selections. To get to the final 12 he had to beat out a slew of excellent cornermen, including the top rebounder in camp, Marvin Barnes, and everybody's front-runner, Tom McMillen. The latter's absence from the team is a shock and it is still unclear why he was honored only as an alternate, but Jones is an exquisite player in his own right. Sure-handed and quick-witted, he moves without the ball better than any young forward today.

Bantom and Brown, the "driving forwards" Iba likes to talk about as well as win Olympics with, both possess fine all-round games as well as the classic fa-

cial features of movie stars. They will look terrific in those Olympic suits.

From the beginning Minnesota's Brewer took a spot for himself as the most impressive of the big men. "This guy would just as soon hair-rip you as let you score," said Haskins. A defensive specialist, Brewer blossomed into a scoring threat last week, but his value will be as an intimidating center.

One of the most popular men in camp, Brewer was tested early when he was placed on the same team with Ohio State's Luke Witte, who was beaten up by Brewer's Minnesota teammates last season. "I have to live with that night for the rest of my life," said Brewer. "But men must get along. Luke and I respect each other; nothing has come up." For his part, Witte seemed completely recovered from the ambush; he played well and earned an alternate's berth.

Guards: Ed Ratleff, Long Beach, Key-Joyce, South Carolina. Ken Davis, Marathon Oil; Tom Henderson, Hawaii; Doug Collins, Illinois State.

If there is a weak spot on the team, it may be at guard, even though in Ratleff, Joyce and Collins the U.S. has three men who can tear open any game. The backcourt lacks what Bach calls the "athletic viciousness" that was supplied by poker-faced Jo Jo White and tattooed Mike Barrett on the 1968 team.

The 6' 6" Ratleff, who can also swing to forward in Munich, did not have a good camp but it is common knowledge he does not like to practice and is only at his best in tough contests. Ratleff's game is almost too smooth, and his casual manner and phlegmatic look sometimes make it appear he is not trying. But, as Iba said, "that man will get us the basket when we need it."

Joyce, a good shooter and intense scrapper who leaves his heart on the floor even in the briefest of scrimmages, may develop into the strong defensive guard the U.S. coaches are looking for, although his leadership credentials are suspect. For that role the team looks to Davis and Henderson. The former, a veteran of international competition, is a smart little operator whose experience and playmaking contributions should be a steady factor on such a young team. Henderson, though just out of San Jacinto Junior College, made his mark on defensive ability and willingness to sac-

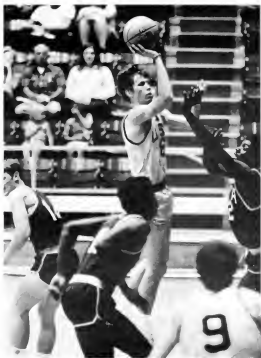
rifice. He is 6' 2", strong and powerfully built. The coaches think he can be the catalyst and floor leader.

Which leaves Collins, a 6' 6" blithe spirit of remarkable shooting range who was the hit of the training camp. That rarest of specimens—a white star playing for a black coach (Will Robinson)—Collins has been at obscure Illinois State for three years. Last season he was the third leading scorer in the country. He has floppy hair, bunny rabbit teeth, superb quickness off the dribble and a cocksure attitude that permeates his every move. After he had scored 30 points (high for the trials) he was sped by

Bach shuffling along sucking an ice-cream stick. "Hey, Collins," said Bach, "you play defense just like that—ice-cream defense. You're going to be in for the shock of your life when Mr. Iba gets hold of you."

"No I won't," said Collins. Later, he explained. "That's bull about my defense. It's just hard, being me. How many times have you seen a guy averaging 33 play good defense? I just have to adapt. Iba will see. So will the Russians and all them others. We'll win it all. Talent always prevails."

Out of the mouths of babes . . . a gold medal? END



Doug Collins, unheralded high scorer from Illinois State, shot his way onto the team.

Under swollen skies the other day at New York's JFK airport, a small band of travelers carefully loaded a dozen-odd horses and—with perceptibly less care—themselves aboard a chartered DC-8. The travelers were bound for Europe and, ultimately, the Munich Olympics. This was the U.S. show jumping team and its members planned to tune up for the Games by competing in horse shows in France, Switzerland and West Germany. For most of them the voyage meant being away from family stables, handsome residences and vast lawns. Such are the sacrifices people make just to be in the Olympics.

Of the three team members who took off aboard the KLM jetliner—two others were to fly over later—nobody was leaving behind more than Neal Shapiro, who would celebrate his 27th birthday in Europe. Shapiro had driven to the airport from his parents' ranch-style home 30 minutes away in Old Brookville, a community on Long Island's affluent North Shore. His luggage was piled high with no-iron shirts and enough socks, as Shapiro had emphasized while his wife Suzy and younger sister Jane were helping him pack, "that I'll have to do laundry just once a week." Shapiro also brought along his golf clubs. He had taken up golf only the year before, but Jane entertained no doubts that her brother would soon overtake Jack Nicklaus. "Everything Neal tries, he does so well," she said. Her voice had the ringless of sisterly allegiance than of dispassionate observation.

Other Shapiro observers included his neighbors, who had caught glimpses of him riding in the pine-ringed paddock out beyond the Shapiro swimming pool. This was always a splendid sight, both because of Shapiro's grace in the saddle and his vaguely sinister appearance, one compounded of swarthy features and deep, soulful eyes. Completing the picture was the thin allotment of hair that circumscribed Shapiro's head like—suspiciously, considering his mission at the Olympics—a laurel garland.

Until Munich beckoned, Shapiro dwelled on the four-acre spread in Old Brookville in amiable confusion with Suzy, Jane, his parents, a couple of dogs, half a dozen horses and his younger brother Steven. Leastwise he sometimes dwelled there. From this suburban beehive, he was generally buzzing off in so many directions that his mother, answer-

## HORSEMAN OF ANOTHER COLOR

ing phone calls for him, pleaded helplessness. "No, I don't know where Neal is," Sylvia Shapiro would say. "I can't keep up with him. I don't even try."

Sylvia Shapiro's boy might be off one minute servicing jukeboxes for Doccy Enterprises, Inc., the vending machine business he and his father, Donald (Doc) Shapiro, operate out of office space in the family recreation room. At another time he could be at Long Island's Republic Field, preparing to take off in his twin-engine Cessna for another flight to one of his thrice-weekly workouts at the U.S. Equestrian Team's training grounds 90 miles away in New Jersey. Or he might be at work with the harness horses that he trains for the family's Hay Fever Farm and drives at New York's two tracks, Roosevelt and Yonkers. When you finally catch up with him, he could be dismounting from a joggling cart in Roosevelt's barn area, a polite, grinning fellow who, suddenly, does not seem sinister at all. "I'm happiest when I keep busy," Shapiro says. "I don't like sitting around."

Something else that claims Shapiro's energies is his electric organ. He allows few evenings to pass without running through "a couple of songs," which could mean the entire score of *Hair*. He plays well enough that he was asked to sit in during the regular organist's absence a couple of years ago at the big Washington International Horse Show. Clad in breeches and black boots, he played for 15 minutes and afterward, applause resounding through the D.C. Armory, went off to earn even greater ovations in the next show jumping class.

While it should be apparent by now that Shapiro is a man of many parts, it does not follow that he cultivates each equally. "The organ is something I do just for relaxation," he says. "The plane is for transportation. The harness horses are more or less of a hobby. The important thing is the show horses. Maybe



Neal Shapiro is not only a mainstay of the U.S. Olympic Equestrian Team, he is a pilot, an organist and a harness driver—but, listen, don't bet on him

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



it's because that's what I do best. But that's also what I've always worked for."

Shapiro has worked hard enough to rank as one of the leading, if least likely, riders in the world. In a sport that retains at least a few blueblood pretensions, he is a Jew two generations removed from the *shetkhs* of Eastern Europe. Competing against riders who learned their horsemanship in exclusive hunt clubs, he made the U.S. Equestrian Team with no instruction other than "watching how the other riders did it." There is a further anomaly. In a sport populated by excitable horses—and people sometimes even more so—Shapiro is a fortress of calm and poise, qualities displayed last summer when he and Frenchman Marcel Rozier tied for the Grand Prix in the annual horse show at Aachen.

In 1966 Shapiro won the Aachen event, the most prestigious in show jumping, on his own horse, Jacks or Better. Last summer's triumph, which made him one of the few to win at Aachen on different mounts, was accomplished aboard Sloopy, a 7-year-old gelding owned by St. Paul sugar magnate Patrick Butler.

It would be imprudent, however, to install Shapiro—or anybody else—as a favorite at Munich. In an Olympic track event such as the 110-meter hurdles, no more than three or four contenders might have a realistic hope of victory. In show jumping, one of three Olympic equestrian events—the others are dressage and the three-day competition—the gold medal could go to any of 20 men (or women, since the equestrian events are the only ones in the Olympics in which the sexes regularly compete on equal terms). Unlike hurdlers, show jumpers clear their fences on horses, which introduces an element of unpredictability that any experienced horseplayer will find touchingly familiar.

What compounds the uncertainty is that these jumping horses, forcibly landing with 1,500 pounds or more on brit-

tle legs, are only too susceptible to lameness. Sloopy has a history of tendon trouble, and similar problems cloud the prospects of Bill Steinkraus, the veteran rider and team captain who at the 1968 Olympics became the first American ever to win an individual show jumping gold medal. Where Shapiro represents a new breed, the 46-year-old Steinkraus belongs to an older, still formidable generation of accomplished horsemen that also includes Germany's Hans-Günther Winkler and France's Pierre d'Oroville.

This will be Steinkraus' sixth Olympics, and he says it will be his last. A well-spoken man with slick, combed-back hair, Steinkraus commutes to his job as an editor of a Manhattan publishing house from his private 40-acre island just a water jump off the Connecticut shore. At Munich he will compete on any of three horses, one being Seno, a hunt, the jumper he rode in Mexico but who has since had leg trouble. Along with Shapiro's Sloopy, Steinkraus' string is the most talented in the U.S. stable, and Bertalan de Nemethy, the team's Hungarian-born coach, considers Steinkraus and Shapiro the chief American threats in individual show jumping.

The same pair also looms as the mainstay of the U.S. entry in the Prix des Nations team competition, the final Olympic event. The host Germans, traditionally the sport's leading power, have further strengthened their position by buying up top horses at prices ranging up to \$130,000 each. The best the U.S. has ever done in the Prix des Nations was a silver medal in 1960.

That Shapiro is even participating in the Olympics is an achievement against odds, since he suffered as a child from asthma so acute that one doctor warned he would never compete in athletics. The condition cleared up enough that Neal became a pretty fair sprinter—10.3 in the 100-yard dash—at Long Island's Locust Valley High. But he still suffers from allergies, including hay fever, and these are aggravated by horsehair and dust at horse shows, leading Shapiro to say cheerfully, "I'm allergic to horses." Neal's mother and sister also have hay fever, which is how the family came to choose the name Hay Fever Farm, after rejecting Asthma Acres.

Shapiro's refusal to be slowed by his medical problems set a pattern. It was with much the same stubbornness that years later, when his mother disappointed

COURTESY, J.

of his taking flying lessons, he went ahead and, on the sly, got his pilot's license anyway. When the Shapiros bought their origin, a deal that included five free lessons, Neal took advantage of the offer and, as easy as that, learned to fly. At the harness tracks he doggedly goes on driving, ignoring the railbirds who, overcome by the novelty of finding a fugitive from the refined world of show jumping in their midst, taunt him with cries of "What's da matter, Shapiro? Can't you win without hodies?"

Neal has, indeed, found the adjustment to the track difficult. After becoming a driver two years ago, he won a few races at lesser ovals. He preserves his amateur status by not accepting fees, but then lost his first 47 starts at Roosevelt and Yonkers, encouraging one newspaper handiapper to refer to him as "Neal (Never Won a Race in New York) Shapiro." Finally, a week before leaving for Europe, Neal drove one of his horses, a 27-to-1 shot named Candow, to victory at Yonkers. "In show jumping there's just you and the horse," he says, "but on the track there are seven other horses to worry about, and they're trying to get in your way. When I have more time, I'll do better."

In insisting on driving as well as training, Shapiro is acting out of a thoroughness that also persuades him to sometimes drive his own horses, which he laments by hanging around one of Roosevelt's blacksmith sheds. Behind all this activity is a restlessness that also finds expression in the way he races through his meals. "When you sit down to dinner, you're supposed to eat," he says. Not one for wasting time, Shapiro hoped to become a veterinarian, but he quit college with 2½ years of credit from Long Island's C.W. Post and Rutgers. "I wanted to take vet courses," he explains, "but they made you take requirements" he screws up his face. "Like art history."

Most of Neal's interests have been hunkered by his father, a large, rather rumpled man who trots around in a "6d gold Cadillac. Doc Shapiro drives fast, though in his case it may only be to get his ubiquitous cigar back into his mouth. Among these in the horse set who still bother to distinguish between old wealth and the nouveau riche, it must cause shudders that Doc, when emptying vending machines, is obliged to go around with a money bag in each hand. One recent afternoon he sat in the family din-

ing room. Neal was out in the paddock schooling one of the horses that the Shapiros planned to show to a prospective buyer, a visiting Californian.

"I'm probably seeing myself in Neal," the elder Shapiro said, cigar ash drifting onto the vinyl tablecloth. "He's doing things I never had a chance to do." Of course, Doc, was never exactly idle either. Growing up in North Dakota, where his immigrant parents had settled, he bowed as an amateur under the name Doc O'Day, which left him with a ruined shoulder and a permanent nickname. He later became a restaurateur in North Dakota, a deputy sheriff in New Mexico and a shipyard rigger in San Francisco. He also toured the Midwest operating a wheel-of-fortune booth in a carnival owned by an entrepreneur named Greener. The troupe was known on the carry circuit as Greener and His 40 Thieves.

Something else that Doc Shapiro became was a horse owner, but this was after he and Sylvia moved to New York, where Neal learned to ride at public stables. The boy soon was emerging and winning shows on his own horses. But the one that thrust him into the limelight, acquired in a trade when Neal was 15, was a big gray gelding that the family called Uncle Max.

He was named after Mrs. Shapiro's brother-in-law, Max Moscovitz, who is a Brooklyn garment manufacturer. "There was only one trouble," Neal says. "Then we had to do the same thing for all the relatives." Even there were a mare named Aunt Hannah, after Max's wife, and a gelding called Uncle Is, after a great-uncle, Isadore Freeman. The practice continues with Hay Fever Farm's current crop, including Uncle Milton, a 4-year-old jumper named after Sney's father, Dr. Milton Siegal. "But sometimes we just call him the Galloping Orthodoxologist," Sney confides.

Uncle Max would have attracted notice for his name alone, but he had other distinctions. Supposedly a former rodeo horse, he was an erratic performer who sometimes balked at fences. But he was a bold jumper and Shapiro rode him to the runner-up position in the 1962 horse-of-the-year category of the Professional Horse Show Association. The winner



SHAPIRO, WHO IS ALLERGIC TO HORSES, SHOES

was Jacks or Better, owned and ridden by the staid Ben O'Meara, an ex-blacksmith who was to die four years later, at 30, in a plane crash. In 1963 the two horses traded places, with 18-year-old Shapiro becoming the youngest ever to win the PHA title. As the season ended, O'Meara offered to deal Jacks or Better to the Shapiros.

A difficult decision followed. Jacks or Better was unorthodox, with a short neck and an odd, shuffling gait, and many attributed his success to O'Meara's skill. "I didn't want to make Neal look bad," Doc recalls. "He did good under Benny, but there was only one Benny." Neal, however, was game. "I very boldly said he was too much horse for me. Well, I'll try anything once."

Doc traded four horses for Jacks or Better, and Neal rode him ably from the start. He wound up 1964 capturing the PHEA horse-of-the-year on Jacks or Better and placing third on Uncle Max. He also was chosen that year for the U.S. Equestrian Team, whereupon the coach, Bert de Nemethy, began to polish the untutored Shapiro.

It was a process that de Nemethy recalled one morning in the galloped old stable that the U.S. Equestrian Team occupies outside the New Jersey hamlet of Gladstone. De Nemethy, a one-time Hungarian cavalry officer, is a wiry man of 61 with wavy, iron-gray hair and a courtly manner. He arrived in the U.S. in 1949 and six years later became coach



A PACER FROM FAMILY-OWNED HAY FEVER FARM

of the U.S. Equestrian Team. After all these years in the U.S., de Nemethy still speaks with an accent so thick—he pronounces “gas pedal” to rhyme with hospital—that one horseman complains, “You can’t talk to Bert over the phone. You have to go to Gladstone and watch his lips move.”

Shapiro trained with de Nemethy for three winters, living in a cramped room over the Gladstone stable. His breath frosty in the cold morning air, he rode while his coach commanded: “Make exercise your arm!” Or: “Don’t let forward your legs.”

“Bert made me realize I knew nothing about riding,” Shapiro says. “I realized I’d just been sitting on a horse.”

De Nemethy acknowledges as much. “This boy Neal had many bad habits as a rider, but I thought I could change him. I knew that if I could, he would be a top rider. I realized that this guy had natural balance. He had very good feeling and timing.”

With his first Grand Prix at Aachen, the one in 1966 on Jacks or Better, Shapiro’s labors under de Nemethy began to pay off. It was a victory that some horsemen, noting Neal’s inexperience in international competition, regarded as a fluke. Others tried to find meaning in the fact that a Jew had won one of Germany’s biggest sports events. A similar exercise recently engaged a reporter for the Long Island paper *Norwich Courier* Shapiro, he began discussing the

possibility of a gold medal in the same breath with Jesse Owens’ triumphs at the 1936 Berlin Olympics.

Shapiro still chafes at the thought of it. “It matters that I’m Jewish to only one person to that reporter,” he says. Even Neal’s father, who admits that “being Jewish hasn’t always been easy in this sport,” reacted strongly. When the *Norwich* story came out under the headline YOU DON’T HAVE TO BE JEWISH TO LOVE NEAL, Doc Shapiro snapped, “Now what the hell does that have to do with anything?”

As for the Aachen victory being a fluke, that notion was dispelled when Shapiro, who had been left without a top horse after Jacks or Better went lame, was assigned by de Nemethy to ride Sloopy. In some ways Sloopy was an even greater challenge than Jacks had been. A son of Ambehaving, Sloopy began as a racehorse but was surly and disobedient. Convinced to jumping and cured of the worst of his antisocial behavior, he demonstrated he was a gifted performer. It was because of his extraordinary jumping ability that he was given his name, one inspired by the old rock song that runs, “Hang on, Sloopy. Sloopy hang on...”

Sloopy remains a highly independent animal. Two years ago he acted up so much when the team tried to load him on the plane for Europe that he was prudently left home. Last year, on the trip that produced their Aachen victory, Shapiro and Sloopy made the crossing by ship. In preparation for this year’s journey, Sloopy was taken to the airport a couple of weeks early for a dry run, and his actual departure came off with a minimum of tugging and pulling. “We didn’t prepare him properly that first time,” Shapiro says.

All this makes it tempting to think of Sloopy as the Joe Namath of show jumping: a picture-book performer, devilish away from the playing field and, unfortunately, beset by those leg troubles. But if Sloopy’s physical condition puts their Olympic prospects in doubt, there is no longer any question about the skill of Shapiro. “This is a strong boy, and he is also firm and cool-headed,” de Nemethy says. “This is what Sloopy

needs. With a strong, opinionated horse like this, you don’t want some weak girl to ride him. But this horse also needs finesse—not roughness, because roughness he will fight back. This guy Neal has the finesse, not.”

Having proved himself in show jumping, it remains only for Shapiro to do the same in harness racing. One indication he intends to stay on the trotting scene is that he and his father, branching out from vending machines, have just built and opened a 24-hour restaurant, a place called the Monroe Carlo, immediately opposite Roosevelt Raceway. It is a logical sideline since most of Disney Enterprises’ pikeboxes go into restaurants. Doc Shapiro has invested in other eating places, too, including a Long Island restaurant he recently loaned money to with the understanding that the debt be repaid partly in trade. As a result, in the weeks before the Equestrian Team’s departure, hardly an evening passed that you couldn’t find Neal, Suzy, Doc, Sylvia, everybody but the dogs and cats—eating there.

The Shapiros were dining in this restaurant the day the California horseman stopped by. The visitor finally decided not to buy any horses, but it was not through any lack of salesmanship on the part of Neal, who had showed off one horse, a young hunter, by riding him full tilt over a series of fences. When Neal dismounted, he was reproached by Suzy, who had been watching with the customer. “My God, Neal, you rode him like a kamikaze,” she said.

On the way to the restaurant, as Neal accelerated along suburban streets graced by large houses with circular driveways, Suzy said, “You drive the car like a kamikaze, too.” At dinner Shapiro demolished a platter of chicken à la king like a you-know-what and then he and Suzy went home. There was time maybe for “a couple of songs” at the organ and a snore before Neal would awake at dawn and fly off to New Jersey. During a rare lull in this relentless schedule, Shapiro was asked if it might not be tiresome eating all the time in the same restaurant.

He shook his head. “Oh, the food’s pretty good,” he said. “Besides, they’ve got a big menu.” Of course, even if he ordered chicken à la king every night, nobody could possibly suggest that Neal Shapiro’s life was seriously lacking in variety.

END







Off come the wraps at a staging area, and out to the Baltic racecourse goes a covey of boats on multiple taws.





Dragons on a Baltic sleighride flaunt billowing striped tangles.

Beaches provide venues for Olympic relaxation.





Chesty Solings battle down to leeward mark, and a Finn on starboard tack slices between two port tackers





The ~~little~~ waters of the Kiel Yacht Basin reflect a modern fleet of beauties. Beyond are buildings characteristic of the German north country.

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it doesn't whine,  
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## PEOPLE

**Boris Spassky**, the Russian world chess champion, has been a paragon of restraint in the preliminary skirmishing (most of it by **Bobby Fischer**) over the upcoming matches in Iceland. During an interview in Belgrade, Spassky explained his reasons: "Thanks to Fischer," he said, "I have got a good apartment for the first time. My whole family consider that we owe Bobby a load of vodka." When he landed in Reykjavik last week, however, Spassky was showing signs of diminished cordiality. Asked for his reaction to Fischer's claim that he, Bobby, has been de facto champion all along, Spassky replied, "That is a very original view." Fischer, meanwhile, was incognito somewhere in California and still had not signed and returned his contract for the matches, which are scheduled to begin Sunday.

♦ **Will Estelle Goolagong** win at Wimbledon again this year? Well, maybe, but she's going to have to get out of those threads and into something that will let her reach the ball. She dressed

up in these tennis togs of 100 years ago for a fashion photographer in London, which leaves her looking fine—but vulnerable on her forehead.

It looks as though the biggest obstacle standing between **Bobby Lee Hunter**, the National AAU flyweight champion, and a trip to Munich next month will be competence, not legal. Two weeks ago **Willi Daume**, president of the Olympic Organizing Committee in Munich, had warned that Hunter, serving a prison term for manslaughter in South Carolina, might not be welcome in Munich. One possible reason: Rule 26 that goes "...athletes must live in the spirit of the Olympic Rules, the Games and the Olympic idea." **Avery Brundage**, president of the International Olympic Committee and perennial guardian of Olympian spirit, rules and ideals, seemed to agree. But last week **Bob Paul**, an IOC official, indicated that he sees no great problem. "As far as Rule 26 goes, he seems to have been a good boy in jail," said Paul. "Bobby Lee Hunter simply has to win the U.S. Trials."

A Los Angeles judge has held **Suzanne Lewis**, a former girl friend of **Roman Gabriel**, in contempt of court for refusing to return an \$8,500 sports car the Ram quarterback gave her last year. Gabriel says the car was only loaned to Miss Lewis, but she claims it was an engagement present and that she ought to be allowed to keep it even though Roman broke off the engagement to marry **Tedra Lynn Bidwell** last January. When last seen, Miss Lewis was still in the controls, driving the car out of a Brooklyn, N.Y., garage.

Bentched with tendinitis in his right hand during three games in Houston, and a couple more in New York, Met Outfielder **Rusty Staub** last week did what



any other idle major-leaguer would do: he went shopping. He picked up two meatloaf pans, six grain dishes, a dozen corn holders, six skewers, a grater, a spatula, a Blitzhacker and a stainless-steel eggbeater. Staub is an expert cook. A Blitzhacker is a food chopper. Be careful with that hand, Rusty.

♦ Bright-eyed and bushy-headed, **Joe Namath** turned up for the first day of his boys' football camp in Wilmington, Vt. last week showing no strain over his contract negotiations with the Jets or the condition of his knees—both of which could be sore points. Namath is reportedly asking for a million-dollar contract over three years. Namath says he will show up at the Jet camp next month, contract or no, but will play in no games until he has the deal he wants.

Madison Square Garden apparently has already sold out the 10 superbowl, or Hall of Fame Losings, that it will build high above the arena floor. The enclosed boxes, which will hold 10 people each, rent for \$50,000 a year. For an additional fee the Garden will provide a bartender or waiter. Box holders will be able to attend all Garden events—nearly 500 of them—during the year's rental. **Robert Harter**, vice-president of operations at the Garden, says the

response has been so gratifying that "maybe we'll build 10 more." He refused to name any of the lucky renters, except to say that all are corporations. Evidently no private individual cared to indulge in such conspicuous consumption.

"That prince man is crazy about soccer," wrote Dutch professional **Rand Saurendok** about Monaco's **Prince Rainier**. "When he comes to see the game, I wave at him and he waves back." No longer Saurendok has been fired by His Serene Highness over a story he leaked to the Dutch press about life as a kept soccer star in the vest-pocket monarchy. What additionally riled the prince was a cartoon that accompanied the story, showing him hanging over the palace balcony peering through binoculars at Saurendok on the soccer field. Won't the player miss the gaiety of life on the Riviera? Not really. "We were not allowed to enter the casino," observed Saurendok.

The National Basketball Association is making like Globe trotters these days. The NBA Players Association representatives just returned from their annual meeting. It was held in Spain, and stars like **Walt Frazier** and **Cazzie Russell** managed to squeeze in some business between the swimming, tennis, golf and singing. And now Commissioner **Walter Kennedy** has lined up an exhibition tour to Red China. The plan is to send two squads to play each other because, Kennedy says, "The Chinese have no tall players." But basketball is a popular sport in China and the commissioner and his touring pros could be in for a few surprises. The Manchus from around Peking are tall enough to contend at least with the likes of, say, **Gail Goodrich**. Which is more than the Knicks and Bucks could do.



# A LOT OF LITTLE CARS HAVE TWO DOORS. THIS ONE HAS TWO ROOFS.

Vega is a little more car than a lot of little cars.

The roof, for instance, is constructed of not one but two separate steel panels, one under the other, to add strength and quiet to the car.

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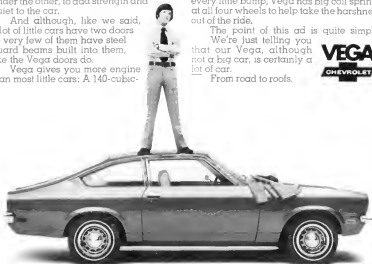
inch overhead cam four that can handle turnpike speeds quite comfortably without a lot of straining.

And where some little cars let you feel every little bump, Vega has big coil springs at all four wheels to help take the harshness out of the ride.

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From road to roofs.



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

High-capacity engines. New ideas. New experiences.

# K.C. makes a hit with an odd couple

The bats of two outfielders have begun to sweeten a very sour year

Scheinblum and Piniella may sound like a law firm put together to attract a clientele from different ethnic groups, but instead of being linked on a legal letterhead those nonhousehold names recently were found together at the top of the American League's batting rankings—Richie Scheinblum at .333 and Lou Piniella at .322.

The maturing of Piniella into a baseball hero Kansas City fans can depend upon and the emergence of Scheinblum as a rightfielder who can hit consistently from either side of the plate have allayed some of the season's disappointments. On June 1 Kansas City had lost five straight games, was 3-16 on the road and in last place. But that day at Minnesota Scheinblum hit a two-run eighth-inning pinch home run to break a tie, and the Royals won. "That," says General Manager Cedric Tallis, "was the turning point." Kansas City went on to win five consecutive series and progressed steadily toward the 500 mark. Scheinblum stood at .257 at the end of May, but .396 for the first three weeks of June.

Piniella was hitting only .225 in late April. Then in four games he went 10 for 17, has not been under .300 since and for most of June was in or close to the league batting lead.

From the time Tallis obtained him in a 1969 trade with Seattle, Piniella has had many Kansas City fans. Although lacking the power of two previous favorites, Gus Zernial and Bob Cerv of the Athletics, Piniella is a more consistent hitter than either—and far handsomer. He plays with an impetuosity matching his explosive temperament. Tagged by some as a bad outfielder, he



LOU PINIELLA DANCES WARILY OFF BASE

really isn't. As Tallis puts it, "He looks clumsy, but he catches the ball." So he does, pounding the turf after long flies and lunging and diving for liners. Some call him a foolhardy base runner. He says he is aggressive. At the least he is adventuresome. In one game this year he was thrown out at third and also at home, the latter when he ignored the explorings of Third-Base Coach George Strickland. But as long as he is hitting, his followers gladly forgive him his bits of failed daring.

Once given to outbursts of temper, Piniella, now a mature 28, keeps himself mostly in check these days. And he is proud of his fielding. "Maybe I do look a little awkward," he says, "but who wouldn't, playing next to Amos Ous? It is true though that the reason I lack one hour for my degree from the University of Tampa is that I flunked a course in square dancing. The instructor said I had two left feet. I blamed it on my partner."

Scheinblum, a product of New Jersey, got his foot in with the Royals after they traded Bob Oliver to California in early May. Tallis and Lemon were convinced that the distant walks in Municipal Stadium muted Oliver's power.

"At first I was reluctant to go with Scheinblum," says Royal Manager Bob Lemon, "because I didn't think he was too good defensively. But we got to a point where we needed hitting, so I put



RICHIE SCHEINBLUM TAKES A HEFTY CUT

him in. He's given us the hitting and so far he's done a good job on defense, too."

Scheinblum has always been hampered by bad starts. In 1969, for example, he went hitless in his first 34 at-bats for Cleveland. But Lemon must feel he is ready now. He has to be.

Scheinblum says the fact that Kansas City has pretty much left his batting style alone has helped him overcome years of advice from such experts as Birdie Tebbetts ("Throw your rear end out"), Alvin Dark ("Bend your knees") and Ted Williams ("Slide into the ball"). "I pull my head," Richie says, "swing up and collapse my back leg—things I shouldn't do. I've tried to change, but I always go back to my old style." Which may help K.C. develop a new style of its own—winning.

## THE WEEK

by RON REID

**NL EAST** Ah, those Pirates! Aided by Roberto Clemente's two-run triple, Steve Blass beat Chicago for his eighth straight victory and ninth of the season. Nelson Briles followed suit the next day with a seven-hit 3-1 triumph. His eighth straight over the Cubs as the Pirates finished the week looking stronger than ever.

For the Mets, beaten 15 times in their



last 27 games, the week began with Tom Seaver's finest effort this year and ended with his worst. Seaver became the National League's first nine-game winner when he beat Cincinnati 2-1, his first complete game since April. Six days later, however, St. Louis knocked him out after four innings on route to an 11-0 embarrassment of the Mets' Oldtimers' Day crowd. Yogi Berra's men also lost twice to Houston before Jerry Koosman stopped the Astros 5-4.

Chicago extended its winning streak to seven games, during which Ron Santo hit .500 and drove in 11 runs before things turned sour and the Cubs lost three straight. One happy note: the Cubs' much-anticipated bullpen saved five of the seven victories.

St. Louis lost but once in four outings, an especially noteworthy triumph being a 14-3 rout of San Diego. The contest marked Bob Gibson's 21th career victory, giving him the club record formerly held by Jesse Haines. Gibson helped his historic cause by hitting a three-run homer.

The hottest team of all was Montreal, which won five of six as Mike Torrez continued to pitch surprisingly well. Torrez stopped Atlanta 2-1 on a two-hitter and beat the Phils by the same score five days later to lift his record to 8-3. The Expos also beat the Reds twice. Philadelphia ended a six-game losing streak at Atlanta 9-7.

PITTS 30-21 NY 27-23 CHI 34-23  
ST. L. 27-32 MONT 27-23 PHIL 31-28

## NL WEST

Apparently convinced that a race is more electrifying when it runs on alternating current, Houston and Cincinnati traded first place five times in succession before the week ended with the Astros in front, winners of five of seven games.

Houston's up and down climb began when Jerry Reuss beat the Phils 10-0 with a one-hitter the day before his 23rd birthday. Larry Dierker came right back with a one-hitter the next day to beat the Mets 3-0 and he set down Cincy 4-1 with a seven-hitter on Saturday. Along with good pitching the Astros had a redoubtable batsman in Cesar Cedeno, who has gotten 15 hits in his last 24 at-bats against the Reds.

Hoping to help Johnny Bench end a mild hitting slump at Riverfront Stadium, a friendly maintenance man made some lighting changes in the Reds' park. Result: with no glare to stare at, Bench hit his 19th homer in a 7-1 win over Houston. It wasn't all dazzling, however, for Johnny struck out twice the next night. Cincy was beaten five times in seven games.

No more illuminated were the Dodgers, who won two of six and had ace Don Sutton beaten twice. One bright note, however, was Frank Robinson's 513th ca-

reer homer in a 2-1 win over the Braves.

Henry Aaron continued to revise the record book for Atlanta, but the Braves lost three times in five games. Aaron hit his 13th homer of the season (No. 652 career, if you're keeping track) to help beat L.A., and also got a pair of singles and a double to increase his hit total to 3,317, the fifth best in history.

For pitching, few could match San Diego's Steve Arlin, who shut out the Pirates with a 1-0 two-hitter and followed with a 4-1 one-hitter against the Giants. But on the three occasions that Arlin did not pitch, the Padres were beaten. San Francisco's second straight .500 week was highlighted by Ron Bryant's two-hitter over the Cubs—and a valiant to Bryant from Manager Charlie Fox. In baseball, however, the Giants remained in 24th place.

HOUS 32-23 CIN 37-22 LA 34-28  
ATL 23-21 KC 25-40 SF 23-43

## AL EAST

Oespite a sudden attack of bullpen breakdown and the persistent problem of not scoring runs, Detroit retained its narrow lead over the Orioles by breaking even in six games. The Tigers scored but 16 runs for the week, topping their season average of three a game, however when they beat the A's 5-2 on Tom Timmerman's five-hitter. Homers by Norm Cash and Jim Northrup produced a 2-0 win over California (Mickey Lolich's 30th career shutout) and Ed Brinkman's bases-loaded fly beat the Orioles 2-1 in 12 innings.

Baltimore's nine-game win streak came to an end at Minnesota, and the Birds lost three more while getting only two victories. Baltimore also lost at the box office when Friday night's Detroit game, with an advance sale of 30,000, was drowned out under Agnes. The O's, however, got a sixth, 4-1 triumph at California from their stopper, Jim Palmer, now the team's top pitcher, at 9-3. Six of his victories have come after a Baltimore loss.

Cleveland, 1-4 for the week and loser of 21 of its last 27 games, brought up Ron Lolich, Mickey's 26-year-old outfielder cousin, from Portland, Ore., where he had a .349 average. "What is there to do?" asked Manager Ken Aspromonte. "Nobody is hitting much. Anybody who can deliver some punch has to be in there." The Indians' sole victory, 4-2 against Minnesota, was the 11th of the year for Gaylord Perry.

Perhaps aided more than hurt by record rains, the Yankees played but twice, yet moved into third place as their winning streak stretched to six games. It is the longest string of Yankee wins since 1970. Sparky Lyle got his 14th save in a 4-2 triumph over K.C. and Fritz Peterson's third straight complete game topped Cleveland 4-1.

Boston won two of six as poor pitching continued to plague the Red Sox. The only note of hope was Sonny Siebert, who tossed a three-hitter in a 12-0 rout of Texas. Milwaukee ended a nine-game losing streak when Skip Lockwood beat the Royals 3-0, and their 7-1 win over the White Sox was the Brewers' first conquest of Wilbur Wood since 1970.

DET 32-25 BAL 22-36 NY 32-29  
BOST 24-36 CLEV 24-31 MIL 30-36

## AL WEST

For the Oakland Athletics there was Vida Blue's first victory (heats!) and then his fourth defeat (ugh!) when Dick Williams' boys again forgot how to hit for their one-time holdout. In Blue's 9-0 win over Cleveland the A's got 16 hits and all nine starters scored. Six days later against California they got five hits in a 3-1 loss. Homers, however, kept the A's at .500 for the week. Joe Rudi borrowed a bat for an 11th-inning blast that beat Detroit 3-2, Mike Epstein hit four for the week and Reggie Jackson two. He has 15 for the season.

Chicago sent Wilbur Wood out to pitch twice within four days, but he was victimized by bad base running and an absence of clutch hitting, and lost to both Milwaukee and Texas. The Sox did beat Boston 8-4 on Rick Reichardt's three-run homer, downed Milwaukee 9-3 as Dick Allen sparked an eighth-inning rally with a bases-loaded single, and bested the Brewers again on Stan Bautsen's 10th win.

Minnesota, thanks to the best start ever by Jim Kaat, won four of six as he threw back-to-back complete games and raised his record to 9-2. A six-hitter gave Kaat a 7-3 win over Cleveland and he took Kansas City 4-1. Kaat also raised his batting average from .290 to .316 with three hits.

California moved into fourth place with a 4-2 week highlighted by good pitching and Bob Oliver's bat. Clyde Wright stopped a four-game losing streak when he beat the Orioles 4-3 and he later downed Oakland with a five-hitter. Nolan Ryan also defeated the A's 2-1 as Oliver hit a homer for the winning run. In a 6-3 win over Baltimore, Oliver had three RBIs.

Rain and open dates held Kansas City to four games, which was just as well. The Royals won only once, when John Mayberry hit a three-run homer against the Twins.

Home runs accounted for two of Texas' three victories in a five-game week. The wins came after Ted Williams reportedly filed at least 10 plays \$100 each after a curfew check. "I thought this might shake 'em up a little," said Ted. Seems a dud.

OAK 38-20 CHI 33-24 MINN 31-28  
CAL 34-32 KC 26-31 TEX 36-34

## Pink Pad's day—almost

And that's the way it usually is. Just when Tom Kite thinks he has won, along comes his Texas teammate Ben Crenshaw to steal the glory

College golf, along with pennmanship exercises and reading the *Congressional Record*, long has ranked high in the major boredom league. As a certified collegiate gate puller, it is about on a par with intramural softball. Which is a pity, because its best players really should be seen—and believed. As Frank Hannigan, assistant director of the USGA, said last week, "The only difference between these guys and the pros is right up here." And he pointed to his head.

Hannigan was in Cape Coral, Fla. for the NCAA golf championships, a waterlogged, windblown site where practice had been cut short by Hurricane Agnes and hope of victory had been cut short by the arrival of two Uni-

versity of Texas aces, Ben Crenshaw and Tom Kite. As a freshman last year, Crenshaw had won the NCAA individual title with a score of 15 under par, and Texas had strolled to the team title. Kite, ranked No. 2 on the Texas team, had ranked second among amateurs in last week's U.S. Open at Pebble Beach and finished 20th in the field. In 1970 he had been runner-up in the U.S. Amateur. Between them, Crenshaw and Kite had played in five Opens and three Masters, which ought to be enough to awe the fellows back at the dorm.

Soll, earnest challenges were expected from Wake Forest, which had Jim Simmons, fifth in the 1971 U.S. Open, and Eddie Pearce, only a sophomore but a crisp striker of the ball, and the University of Houston. Strong as always, Houston had John Mills, runner-up to Crenshaw last year, plus Jim McLean, who was good enough to make this year's Open, too.

Because of the huge field—237—play started at 6:30 a.m. on Wednesday and lasted until dusk, but there was no need to wait until sunset to find who had made the most of the long day. Kite was flying with a seven-under-par 65, fashioned primarily around an eagle-birdie-eagle stretch early in the final nine holes. Crenshaw, meanwhile, shot a bland 71 and was tied for ninth place. It appeared that Kite finally was on the verge of conquering his teammate and nemesis.

As golfers, Crenshaw and Kite are similar in only one respect: they both play out of the same turf, Austin (Texas) Country Club. Frequently described as the all-American boy, Crenshaw has a strong build and a clean-cut handsome face set off by pearly teeth and hair that falls in blond swirls over his ears. There is a steadfast wholesome air about him that makes mothers smile and girls sigh. "I think he looks like Ryan O'Neal," says Nancy Hager, his girl friend, who

is herself a good enough golfer to have been named as an alternate to the current women's U.S. Curtis Cup team. "But my mother said, 'Oh, Nancy, Ben's better looking than Ryan O'Neal.' I guess he is, too."

For the past three years people have been predicting that Crenshaw, now only 20, would be the next Jack Nicklaus or the new Arnold Palmer or the future Bobby Jones. He has a classic, rhythmic swing, hits the ball with crunch, and chips and puts with dexterity.

Kite, by contrast, is a bet on the pudgy side. A 22-year-old senior, he wears glasses and a cap that shields his pinkish complexion and kinky curly hair from the sun. Because of his hair, his teammates call him Pink Pad, a name taken from a scouring product commercial. In addition, Kite bears the unfortunate burden of appearing disgruntled much of the time.

"Ben and Tom are complete opposites," says Brent Buckman, a member of the Texas team. "Tom is a perfectionist. He goes out on the practice tee and he'll just hit balls and hit balls. If he doesn't hit each one perfectly he'll get mad at himself and stay mad. The only thing Tom wants to do is beat Ben."



TEXAS NO. 1: BEN CRENSHAW DRIVES



TEXAS NO. 2: TOM KITE WAITS TURN

But he gets just so close, and then something happens. . . ."

On the tournament's second day Kite shot a 68, but Crenshaw picked up a couple of eagles himself and had a 66 that moved him into second place, four strokes behind his teammate. And Texas was threatening to make a runaway of the team event, moving 14 strokes ahead of Houston. Wake Forest, with Pearce and Simons looking forward to impending professional careers, had some of those mental short circuits Hanningan had alluded to and barely made the cut for the final two days.

"It used to bother me," said Kite that day, speaking about the adulation being heaped on Crenshaw while he, in fact, was leading the tournament and being largely ignored. "It doesn't anymore. Everything you read is Crenshaw. He's got the charisma of Palmer. It makes it that much more enjoyable to me if I beat him, because I'm thinking he's got all those guys out there watch-

ing him and they're missing all of my good shots."

During the third round on Friday, nobody could have missed many of Kite's good shots. He was 42 on the front nine, finished with a 78 and stormed off the course in fourth place, four strokes behind Crenshaw, who had a 70. "I don't know what I had today, but it was probably 90," he snapped at a bystander who should have known better than to ask.

Kite complained that it took almost six hours to play his round, and that his concentration was shattered on the 1st tee when he waited over an hour because the tee times were late. He blasted the NCAA for the way it ran the tournament, then stomped off for a dinner of ground glass and poison.

Still, Houston managed to pick up only six strokes on Texas, and barring another horrible round by Kite, or one by Crenshaw, Texas seemed to have the team championship safely in hand for another year. All that was left to be de-

cided was whether Kite could, for once, catch Crenshaw.

"Just about every tournament we've played in, we've finished one-two," said Ben in his motel room Friday night. He had missed the cut in this year's Open, the first time that has happened in his seven professional tournaments, and he said he thought the disappointment would serve to sharpen his desire to win. This desire is an awesome, fanatical thing. He lives and thinks golf so much of his waking day, he admits, that he has a hard time being serious about his schoolwork. "I think it'll take me eight years to get my degree," he said. "I'm just kidding around; it really is a farce. All through college, I've never had anything on my mind except golf. I can't get interested in anything else."

"Every day Ben's playing in the U.S. Open," laughed Nancy.

"No," said Ben. "I just want to see how many under par I can get each day. Every time I flub up, I really get

*continued*

## Tennis Test

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- Can Chris Evert play for money if she chooses to do so?
- What are the recommended tennis instruction books?
- Are there any good tennis resorts in Acapulco?
- Do the top pros use wooden or steel rackets?
- In doubles, who should call the service in or out—the receiver or his partner?
- What reason did Nastase give for walking off the court in the middle of a match and why was he not defaulted?
- Who is No. 1 on the Women's Pro Tour?
- Why is it better to lob crosscourt?
- What player did John McPhee compare to "a triple agent from Alexandria, a used-car salesman from central Marrakesh"?
- Who won \$50,000 at the World Championship of Tennis finals in Dallas?
- Should the wrist be firm or relaxed when you hit the ball?
- Why can the Contract Pro play in the U.S. Open but not at Wimbledon?
- If you hit a poor approach shot, should you continue on to net?

- What player slapped the referee in Rome this year?
- Where is the best place in the East for a youngster to train?
- If your opponent's hat falls on the ground, can you claim a let?
- Did Walter Elick win the Italian Championship?
- How can a baseliner learn to become a net-rusher?
- Can a 12-year old go to the Pancho Gonzalez tennis camp?

### The answers to these and many other questions are in the July issue of World Tennis

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### GOLF

hot. I've known so many good players  
who've gone out on the tour and just fallen  
on their faces. You can't tell until  
you get out there. I guess it's just a mat-  
ter of will and determination."

It is not, he insists, a matter of style,  
particularly his own. Crenshaw hates to  
practice and he pretends to know noth-  
ing of theory. "Sometimes I get up to  
the ball and just think" a little hook.  
But I don't think anything about where  
my hands are during the swing or stuff  
like that." Which may explain why ev-  
ery now and then he endures spells where  
his game is as vulnerable as a sand cas-  
tle facing a rising tide.

In the final round Saturday, Crenshaw  
had a surge of disappearing golf during  
which he missed five straight greens. By  
the time he walked away from the 9th  
hole, he had shot a 38 and now was in  
a four-way tie for first with Kite, who  
played the front side two-under, and  
Howard Twitty of Arizona State and  
Bill Rogers of Houston.

Twitty and Rogers quickly eliminated  
themselves with double bogeys, and that  
left it between the men from Austin,  
just as had been expected. Encouraged  
by a pep talk and a pat on the back  
from Nancy at the 10th tee, Crenshaw  
wedged to within two feet for a birdie  
at almost the same moment that Kite  
was birdieing the 11th with a 10-foot  
putt. Still all tied, and so it went.

Kite finished with a 68, clinching the  
team title for Texas, and was turning in  
his score as Crenshaw stood back on  
the 18th tee, needing a par to tie.

After a tepid tee shot that nestled trou-  
blesomely near a tree, Crenshaw pull-  
hooked his second shot far left of the  
18th green, about 40 yards from the pin.  
It looked as if it was all over. Only the  
courage of Palmer, the skill of Nicklaus  
and the touch of Jones could save him.  
Right? Kite knew better. He looped off  
to get a soft drink so that he would not  
see Crenshaw wedge weakly onto the  
green some 30 feet from the cup. Nor  
would he see Crenshaw rap the putt bold-  
ly, dead on line. It smacked against the  
back of the cup, popped straight up in  
the air and fell in the hole for the tie.

"Is he unreal?" said Houston's dis-  
believing John Mills, who was standing  
nearby. "Is he unreal? He's a god."

"I figured he'd get it up and down, be-  
cause he always does," Kite said later.  
"I don't know how he does it." Nei-  
ther does Ben. He just does.

END

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**Kawasaki**

## The second greening of Forest Hills

Or the bluing or pinkening or perhaps yellowing. In September, color comes to tennis clothes at the U.S. Open; in the meantime, there is plenty else going on that would have made Queen Victoria faint



The game of tennis turns 100 this year, a solemn age indeed for a sport that was pretty stuffy to begin with, but look what they're wearing to the parties! Crochets and knits and body suits, wrap-around skirts and the layered look, terry cloth and sequins (not together; that will take another 100 years or, with any luck, longer) and, for the first time at Forest Hills, pastels. Consider the possibilities: "The curtain rises. Lady Jane enters stage right, impeccably clad in tennis lavenders. . . ."

It is about time, Teddy Tinsling will be observing. Ten years ago Britain's dean of sportswear designers was add-



GEOFF MARTINEZ, in sequins at left, and Carolyn Hawkins, in crepe above, check out some new soft fabrics and prove that they have a certain what serves quon, namely sexiness.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODD JR.

ing colored trim to his Wimbledon stars' all-white tennis dresses, but not since Gussie Moran's lace panties had the Wimbledon Committee been so outraged and it was back to the white Swiss embroidery. Five years later, however, Teddy was still hanging in there, predicting, with the advent of color television, what *The Guardian* described as "a creeping riot of color to stun the traditionalists and delight the men who care about viewing figures." Tinling added, "I foresee colored tennis balls and rackets, color in clothing, and look forward to purple plastic grass."

It was pretty good foreseeing. Wilson is already making pink and yellow tennis rackets and another firm is about to introduce rackets in red; yellow tennis balls are increasingly in use because they are much easier to see, for players and especially for TV audiences; and Adidas is busy testing a brand-new colored shoe.

*Continued*



rita wilson plays the tennis version of the Beethoven sweat shirt. Billie Jean gloves on terry cloth—and (above right) new tennis water-sucker. Jane Williams (right) tries a Lon.







As for purple plastic grass, Larry King of TennisAmerica points out that there are already 19 blue FlintKoted courts in California, Nevada and Washington. When asked, "Why blue?" he said, "Our first blue court was at our tennis ranch at Lake Tahoe. We looked at the sky and at Lake Tahoe's blue water and found there was nothing more peaceful or beautiful." Right on, blue tennis courts. (There was also that Polyturf in the Orange Bowl that turned blue: Teddy Tintling might have enjoyed it, but Miami's city fathers did not.)

The new tennis clothes being served up with all this riot of color are not fantasies of designers off in ivory towers somewhere. The people who make them play the game themselves and know the requirements of the sport. A large firm like Head Ski and Sports Wear has a tennis advisory board backing up Designer Wilma Hoyer—Billie Jean King, for example, works with her at least five times a year, and other board members such as Caci Martinez, Esme Emanuel, Eliza Pande, Kristy Pigeon and Dennis Ralston will visit while the line is being designed. They criticize it, discuss the merits of new fabrics, check the playing fit. Because there's—or preferably there isn't—the rub; the clothes are to be played in. When tournament player Jamie Albert Willens (daughter of onetime Stanford Quarterback Frankie Albert) looked at the knit tennis dress she is trying out on page 51, she admitted won-

dering if it wouldn't be warm. "I really sweat when I play," she said. "I need clothes that are comfortable, cool and the kind that I hope will still look great after many washings." To her delight the St. John's knit met all her requirements, and when she left the court her first remark was, "Where can I get one?"

The ribbed synthetic knit jump suit and warmup sweater on the facing page were designed by a new Los Angeles firm, Elke and Joanna Originals, Elke being Actress Elke Sommer and Joanna, Joanna Ogner, once described (SI, March 8, 1971) as the Perle Mesta of tennis. Joanna is a mother of five children who manages to find time to be an avid tennis player and design all her own tennis clothes. Four years ago she designed some things for her friend Elke; in June 1971 they went into business, and in no time they were "not only in business, but with our clothes in more than 500 stores!"

The most important things about their designs, says Joanna, are, "First, function. Second, making clothes attractive to all ages, sizes and figures—we work at trying to make every woman look slimmer. Even if a woman is size two, she always thinks she isn't slim enough." Elke and Joanna have many outfits with names rather than numbers—there is an Elke, of course, and a Gussie Moran, a Janet Leigh, a Pilar Wayne and a Dinah Shore. The Dinah Shore, for in-

stance, was originated when Miss Shore complained that she could never find a tennis outfit with a high neckline and long sleeves and Joanna whipped up a stretchy long-sleeved white body suit with a little skirt to slip over it. Elke-Joanna Originals works almost entirely with the new synthetic knitted fabrics and Joanna would have anticipated Jamie Willens' interest in how a knit dress would wash—it is the first question her customers ask, she reports adding that starting this month, all clothing, at least in the state of California, will be required to carry woven labels with washing instructions.

In September at Forest Hills, Elke Sommer will be modeling some new pastel dresses from Elke-Joanna. They may be brightening up the courts there, but if he has his way, Teddy Tintling will still be far ahead. He has designed a dress for Françoise Durr to wear at Wimbledon this summer featuring a tight bodice of sparkly stretch fabric with a skirt of—are you ready? Is the committee ready?—cranberry and gold satin and metallic ribbon ruffles. Françoise, queried as to what she thinks the chances are of getting away with this, replied, "I don't know about the dress, but they may not like my red lace panties. If they don't like them," she smiles, "maybe I won't wear any."

That would be a sensation, all right—the first for which Teddy Tintling could not honestly take the credit.

## More about what they're wearing—and where to buy it

Caci Martinez, a tournament pro, is all for looking colorful and pretty in action—which is why she took the dress she wears on page 50 to Wimbledon. It is an A-line of Ariel tricotette that features a striped sequin yoke with a string tie at the V neckline because of the sequins, it must be washed by hand. It costs \$37.50 and is by Head Ski and Sports Wear, as are the following two outfits. All three are available at Bloomingdale's, New York.

Beginner Carolyn Hawkins (page 50) wants for a lesson at

Vic Braden's new Laguna Niguel Tennis Club wearing a flowered lightweight jersey tank top and matching flower-bordered crepe wraparound skirt. Both are of Dacron polyester and are machine washable. The tank top is \$18.50, the skirt \$25.50.

Sixteen-year-old Rita Wilson, also a novice player (lower left on page 51), wears shorts and shirt made of terry cloth. The T shirt is embroidered with Billie Jean King's wire-rimmed glasses. The terry cloth is 50% Dacron polyester, 50% cotton, and the outfit costs \$16.50.

At the top of page 51 Rita swings in a cotton-and-polyester seersucker body suit with plenty of stretch. It features tiny multi-colored buttons up the front and is machine washable. By Designer-player Helen LaRose for Point Set, it costs \$20 and will be at Saks Fifth Avenue stores in September.

Below, Jamie Willens finishes up her set in a hand-washable knitted dress of acetate and nylon. It is all hand finished and has a navy knit belt with a gold disc buckle as well as navy trim down the front of the skirt. It

is designed for St. John Knits and costs \$35, with matching crochet-trimmed pants, \$10, at I. Magnin, Los Angeles. Nordstrom Best, Seattle.

Carolyn Hawkins (left) wears an Elke-Joanna covered-up layered look that they will be introducing at Forest Hills on Aug. 22. The shortie jump suit zips up the front and is made of machine-washable ribbed polyester double knit, and the matching blue-bordered warmup sweater is of the same fabric. The outfit is \$28 and is going to be in stores in early September.

# Getting to the root of the matter

**Kill or cure? New Mexico wants to know more about a lethal tree-eradication program in progress**

The middle Rio Grande south of Albuquerque is not much good for fishing, swimming or skipping rocks. About the only thing moving along the dusty river bottom are bulldozers keeping a floodway clear. The riverbed nowadays is merely an overflow drain used during heavy runoff periods. To minimize evaporation loss, the river's normal flow has been channeled into a broad ditch that rushes to a reservoir near Truth or Consequences.

The Rio Grande's one remaining grace is its salt cedar, the bountiful stands that tie down its banks. This slender tree flourishes where little else will. In the arid Southwest it serves more than an ornamental purpose, checking soil erosion, helping flood control, offering a windbreak and providing game with refuge. Its pink blossoms are a source of nectar for the area's honeybee industry. It was with these facts in mind that federal agencies planted the trees along the Rio Grande four decades ago.

But the Government thinks differently now. Its experts have come to believe that the salt cedars drink too much water, water better used for irrigation and other human needs. This is why the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation is currently seeking to gas—or more precisely spray, chop, bulldoze, crush and bury—roughly 75 million trees that grow along a 75-mile stretch of the river.

It is not easy to upset the tolerant people of this self-reliant land. They have let federal agencies test nuclear weapons

and missiles in their backyard. But since the tree-eradication plan was announced there has been a furor. An unlikely coalition of state and federal legislators, civil servants, ranchers, beekeepers, hunters, fishermen, professors, housewives, students and conservationists has turned against the bureau that spends over \$10 million annually trying to enhance New Mexico's admittedly limited water resources.

An imposing array of geologists, hydrologists, botanists, biologists and engineers declare that tree removal will not save an appreciable quantity of water. Instead, they insist, clearing the banks of the Rio Grande will lead to erosion, ruin the honeybee industry, wipe out dove nesting and wildlife habitat and hurt hunting, while destroying a vital greenbelt along the state's most important river basin. They also worry about the biological impact of spraying vast quantities of herbicide along a valley that nestles the state's major population and agricultural centers.

Last July a Reclamation Bureau contractor made a test spraying near the town of San Acacia, about 60 miles south of Albuquerque. The defoliant was Silves, a close relative of a herbicide called Agent-Orange that has been banned from use in Vietnam because of its toxicity. By November some results were evident. Heavy spraying had failed to make a dent in the salt cedar thickets. However, two ranchers, whose cattle, pasture and children had been hit by the herbicide in the July spraying, claimed they found the defoliant surprisingly effective. The ranchers, Lewis Trotter and John Mayo, filed a lawsuit against the spraying contractor and administrative claims with the Government. They sued the sprayer for \$500,000 damages to cover the alleged loss of cattle and injuries to their children who had been sprayed or consumed water from the contaminated pastures.

Department of Agriculture, veterinary and medical experts have documented Silves contamination in some of the cattle and in the children. Although the children seem to have recovered, the federal investigation of the Trotter-Mayo case continues. The official bureau position is that the cattle belonging to the two ranchers may have been the victims of poison weeds or malnutrition. This explanation may be inadequate,

since the bureau has no evidence that the contaminated children ate any weeds or were undernourished.

After 15 years of testing, federal research has failed to find a herbicide that eliminates salt cedar. "We've tried everything," says Dr. Paul Quimby of the Department of Agriculture research lab in Los Lunas, N. Mex. "The problem is that after the foliage drops off sprayed trees, protective quiescent buds suddenly are stimulated to grow. This defense mechanism keeps the trees alive." And the defoliation at certain times of the year scatters seeds, which only spurs the growth of new trees.

This explains why the bureau must supplement spraying with mechanical devices—pumps that sever roots, rotary choppers that cut down small trees and the monstrous Marden brush cutter that chews up trees in its path and spews their out as kindling to be mopped up by bulldozers. Continued maintenance necessary to check the regrowth of salt cedars along the 75-mile stretch of the Rio Grande would cost \$100,000 annually.

There is no proof to date that clearing the banks of the Rio Grande will save water. Even after spending \$1.8 million to remove 55,420 acres of trees along a 200-mile stretch of the Pecos River, the bureau lacks real proof of water salvage. Clearing of another 15,000 acres along the Pecos is being held up by lack of funds. Meanwhile the U.S. Geological Survey is trying to determine if clearing the banks actually saves water. Normal variation in stream flow, changes in the water table and evaporation complicate any such study.

Both federal and state agencies are skeptical of Bureau of Reclamation claims that salt cedar eradication could enhance recreation and wildlife. On the contrary, a state fisheries and wildlife investigation shows removal of salt cedar and similar vegetation would hurt hunting and menace the doves and other upland game birds in the area. In Texas, tree clearing helped reduce a population of several million whitewing doves to 500,000 or less.

When warned of these dangers the Bureau of Reclamation agreed it would leave certain areas in New Mexico unclear. The bureau even gave the state's game and fish department money to fund a dove-nesting study in the vicinity of

Bitter Lake National Wildlife Refuge along the Pecos. During the summer of 1970 and again during 1971 bureau spraying accidentally defoliated some of these dove nesting areas. "It's hard to understand why the bureau would jeopardize a project they are paying for," one state game official declared. The bureau also repeatedly violated a pledge to leave a 15- to 30-foot-wide buffer strip for wildlife along the New Mexico banks. Small stands of salt cedar that the agency agreed to leave uncleared for wildlife were chopped up.

Intensive spraying poses a potential public health threat even when it is on target. Numerous reports from Vietnam indicate that defoliants can adversely affect humans and a recent study shows, specifically, that Agent-Orange can lead to birth defects.

The Trotter-Mayo case has increased New Mexico's concern over Silves. Four children who drank water drawn from the contaminated pastures showed Silves in their urine. They complained of nausea, dizziness, headaches, stomach pains, loss of appetite and extreme tiredness. Thirteen-year-old Sandra Trotter, who was sprayed during the mishap, was sick and out of school for most of last fall. Analysis showed that Silves in some of the cattle was above allowable limits for human consumption. Trotter and Mayo were required to remove the surviving animals from the range at least two weeks prior to slaughter.

Bureau men scoff at the notion their herbicide can level a herd of healthy cattle. Jim Rhoads, who manages the bureau's Pecos clearing operation, says: "The stuff can't hurt you. I've had helicopters fly overhead and accidentally drench me with Silves. All I needed to do was take my clothes off and have a bath. That's the important thing, taking a bath. I always tell any men working with the chemical not to let the stuff stay on their skin after they're hit with it. They tend to get a little careless and forget to wash when they spray each other. Hell, the spray is no more toxic than table salt or aspirin."

Beckkeepers, who have about 4,000 hives along the Rio Grande Valley, do not look so kindly on the effects of Silves and the tree eradication program. New Mexico Beekeepers Association President Berna Johnston says spraying will wreck the bee business, which pro-

vides honey and beeswax while pollinating local crops. "Cutting down the salt cedars would seriously deplete the bees' major source of nectar and could destroy the commercial beekeeping business," he says. But the reclamation men insist they have the bees' best interest at heart. They claim the bees have a hard time extracting honey from salt cedar blossoms and would much prefer to work replacement vegetation such as alfalfa, clover, sage and wild flowers. Besides, says the bureau, the salt cedar honey tastes lousy.

The agency's Middle Rio Grande Project superintendent, Don Farr, points out that the clearing is backed by the New Mexico Farm and Livestock Bureau. The project also has the support of several growth-minded civic and business groups, irrigation districts and other water users. Farr insists that the bureau always defoliates with great caution. "It's true that we usually don't notify residents ahead of time about our spraying plans, but we do try to watch out for them from the helicopter. We have also stopped spraying in certain areas where possible drift could endanger crops." Ed Hudson, another bureau expert, says the tree clearing will actually save the banks of the Rio Grande from turning into a jungle. "When you say you're going to go out and cut down 75 million trees, people tend to get a little upset. It sounds like a lot. What they don't understand is that salt cedar are very skinny trees."

In other states public agencies and private conservation groups have decided to protect their trees from the bureau by buying up river bottoms at \$200 to \$1,000 an acre. The Texas Parks and Wildlife Department and the World Wildlife Fund are purchasing land to preserve the riverbank vegetation and a remnant whetwing population that goes with it. The Arizona Game and Fish Department has bought up thousands of acres along the Lower Gila River to preserve whetwing and mourning dove habitat.

Although the reclamation agency's clearing in New Mexico eventually may be halted by the Trotter-Mayo case and the efforts of the growing coalition of beekeepers and environmentalists, the Government experts continue testing and chopping, and right now are mapping new clearing projects elsewhere in the Southwest.

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The game of duckpins is an acquired taste. Invented around the turn of the century by John J. McGraw and Uncle Walbert Robinson, the baseball managers ("Lookit, they scatter just like ducks," one of them said, giving the sport its name), the game has never really caught on as a form of mass recreation outside southern New England, Baltimore and Washington—where it is preeminent over even big-pin bowling.

Last month the game's leading practitioners gathered at Fair Lanes Southwest near Baltimore for the 18th annual National Duckpin All-Star Championships. They were competing for \$10,-200 in prize money and another chance to call the world's attention to duckpins' superiority over set-'em-up-in-the-other-alley bowling. Unfortunately, the message did not penetrate much beyond the Alleghenies.

No matter. To the true believer, a game of duckpins is its own reward. In contrast to tenpins, it is an interfectible pursuit; a 300 game has never been rolled and probably never will be. Played on the same alley as its parent game, duckpins uses a ball only five inches in diameter and pins about 9½ inches tall. Since the pins are placed on the same spots as regular bowling pins, the gaps are larger and pin action far less automatic. The result is often a series of frustrating splits.

Strikes and spares are scored the same as in bowling, but the duckpin bowler gets a third roll in each frame if necessary. If he knocks down all the pins in three rolls, he scores 10. He does not concentrate on strikes as much as on getting a good break with the first ball—something like breaking the rack in pool. The crucial balls in duckpins are the second and third: in the championships, for example, Art Anderson of Mansfield, Mass. had only 16 strikes in his 18-game set, yet bowled a record 2,691 series on the strength of 103 spares. Scoring is, of course, much lower. The highest men's season average on record is around 140, while the top-ranked woman player of all time, Toots Barger of Pasadena, Md., has averaged as high as 135. The highest score ever is a 257.

Things might have been different for the sport's popularity if an inventor named Ken Sherman had been a bit more acquisitive. In 1954 Sherman invented an automatic pinspotter for duck-

## Big blowout for some low rollers

pins—before it was invented for regular tenpins. When Brunswick and others tried to buy the rights to his device, however, Sherman turned them down, "because I didn't want to leave New England." AMF came along and developed its own spotter—for the big pins. Once the big-pin machines were installed in bowling establishments around the country there was no chance of duckpins' dislodging them. Fair Lanes' Promotion Director Bob Haas sums up the position in which this left his sport. "We recognize the need to elevate the game through some showmanship," he says.

And so, when the 88 qualifiers paraded onto the lanes to the tune of something suspiciously reminiscent of *Buckle Up for Safety*, Baltimore Mayor William Schaefer was on hand to lend a touch of showmanship. He cut the ribbon that opened the tournament and tried his hand with one of the "Thingamajiggers," as he called them, and scored a 10.

The field was truly all-star in duckpinning terms. Among the 56 men and 32 women who qualified were Toots Barger, back after three years for the one title that had eluded her; Jimmy Dietrich, the No. 1-ranked male bowler of all time; and ageless Nick Tronsky, ranked No. 1 five times—first in 1931, last in 1962.

Dietrich was singularly unimpressed by Tronsky's reputation the first time they played in the 1940s. "What did I care who he was?" recalls Dietrich. "I was just a kid hustling. The first time I rolled him he couldn't break 115. I figured he was easy. Later on I got a chance to roll him again, and he didn't have a game under 170. He still calls me kid."

The qualifying games at Fair Lanes wiped out Barger, Dietrich and Tronsky, leaving things to the two defending

champions, Ann L'Heureux of Riverside, R.I. and George Pelletier of Manchester, Conn., plus a field of would-be successors that included Pete Buccieri, a West Haven, Conn. truck driver who has been out of work since November; George Stuart Jr., a public accountant from Wareham, Mass.; and a confident 27-year-old competitor for L'Heureux's title, Pat Rinaldi of Chevy Chase, Md.

In the men's finals Buccieri grabbed an early lead, then hung on grimly as his game started to come unglued, but in his last match, against Stuart, who had crept to within a single pin, Buccieri took some advice his wife had given him earlier about following through. It helped, and with an impressive 176 in the second game, he put Stuart away handily.

The best drama of the night came in the women's finals, into which Rinaldi carried a 55-pin lead against the defending champion. The two represented a perfect contrast in styles. Rinaldi throws an explosive ball off an arching, contorted backswing in which the ball appears ready to head any direction except down-alley. L'Heureux's style is compact and businesslike. Her delivery features a short, slow approach, modified backswing and a dead-straight ball that impresses nobody but her opponents.

In the first game L'Heureux rolled a 145, which with her 30-pin victory bonus chopped 48 pins from Rinaldi's lead. The younger bowler kept her confidence, however, and opened the second game with five straight marks while L'Heureux missed spare breaks of the lone seven pin twice. Rinaldi's lead moved up to a formidable 69 pins. At this point L'Heureux says she told herself, "Old girl, keep pushing."

The old girl certainly did, with strikes in the second, fourth, fifth and sixth frames. Suddenly Rinaldi needed a doubleheader (back-to-back strikes) in the 10th to win. She got the first one, bringing the crowd to its feet, but her second ball left two, and L'Heureux had her second consecutive title by just four pins. "People say duckpins are fun," the champion remarked afterward. "They're ulcerating, that's what they are."

Meanwhile, Pat Rinaldi, in good spirits, drank some champagne and vowed, "Wait till next year." Sounds like something John J. McGraw might have said.

END

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# THE GRADUATES

*Woody Cox (32), a slight split end, now has a head of hair and an eye for books.*



*In the last days of their college careers, some of the athletes who made Nebraska No. 1 in football reflect on their life and labor as Cornhuskers. They weigh the glory and goals of the past and of the times to come* by JOHN UNDERWOOD



*Eyeing prize: Carl Johnson, in uniform (71) and gown, and Keith Wortman (65).*



CONTINUED

The offensive right guard said he would remember the Oregon game, how hot it was, and how the blonde in the end zone had such a short skirt and as the team drove downfield toward the blonde there was more than casual reference in the Nebraska huddle to the quality of her limbs. And the Colorado game, when it was 35° and raining in Lincoln and cold, and the crazy Nebraska fans lined up their empty booze bottles on the concrete steps in the north end zone and you could see them there, glistening. He said for all the gravity of big-time college football it was amazing how observant you could be in a huddle. And he said within his treasure chest would live forever the lines of Raquel Welch, who declared she dug quarterbacks like Joe Namath over "dumb guards." "If I had Raquel Welch here, I'd punch her out," he said, and everybody in the room leaned back to enjoy the specter of the guard pummeling Miss Welch.

The split end, sitting on the bed with his legs crossed, said he would remember all the attention they received before the Oklahoma game—television cameramen running around, magazine covers, *The Game of the Century*, Howard Cosell—and how the pressure finally got to him and he quit going to class because he could not concentrate on the two things at the same time. But he

said that after the season, their last at Nebraska, he actually enjoyed and got a lot out of some of the courses he took—Zoology, Kinesiology, Physiology of Exercise 284. The guard and the tackle laughed at him and told him to come off it.

"Who likes school?" said the tackle. Of the three, he was the only one with enough credits to graduate.

"I hate it," said the guard. He said he figured it out and he was "exactly 24 hours" (about two semesters) short of his degree. "Or 26."

"Or 28," said the tackle.

The tackle said he would remember Bob Devaney. He said he was convinced it was a special thing about Coach Devaney that brought it all home—the national championships and the indulgence of the Nebraska fans, who made themselves obvious not just in the stands but everywhere: on the streets, in drugstores, dentists' offices, gas stations. He said even the Nebraska students were nuts about the football team.

He looked around the room at the memorabilia they had accumulated (red-and-white player dolls, No. 1 clocks, Big Red bath mats), the spoor of Nebraska's football zealotry. They were clearing it all out now. He said the funny thing about playing football at Nebraska was that eventually you went over the line and became a fan yourself. He said the answer had to be Devaney, but after

close surveillance he had not been able to figure out what the man did, except to scare him (the tackle) to death.

He corrected himself, exhaling over the lip of his can of beer. "No, not exactly scare," he said.

"Yes," said the guard. "S-c-a-r-e."

The guard asked his girl, a platinum blonde named Jeannie who had been helping with the cleanup, if she would please get some more beer. The guard's name was Keith Wortman. He had come to Nebraska from Whittier, Calif. and Rio Hondo Junior College, an affable, quick-witted young man with densely lashed brown eyes. At 21 he had grown to be 6' 3" and 250 pounds and, as the logical extension of his training at Nebraska, had acquired a contract to play for the Green Bay Packers. Over his bed was a crinkled photograph laminated onto a piece of wood, which Jeannie had made him, that showed the guard at the sublime moment of his employment at Nebraska: on the ground after completing a block for Halfback Jeff Kanney, who is shown soaring over the top to score a touchdown against Oklahoma. Wortman's number—65—is visible in the picture between the legs of an official.

Also on display was one of Wortman's athletic supporters Jeannie had embroidered with a red N.U., a No. 1 and a cluster of oranges symbolizing the victories over LSU and Alabama in the last two Orange Bowl games. Jeannie was a very talented girl, Wortman said. He planned to drop by Pershing Auditorium the next day to watch her graduate, something he himself would have to put off. He wasn't trying to bull anybody—his ambition when he came to Lincoln was to play football. "I don't consider myself dumb," he said. "I'll get my degree when the time comes." He said much of his academic life had been a series of false starts. "I had five majors. English, sociology—I couldn't pronounce the word—business and then P.E."

"That's four," said the split end.

"Math wasn't one of them," said Wortman.

One positive effect Nebraska had on his development, Wortman said, was a birth of confidence. "I'd never been on a winner in my life until I came here, then all of a sudden I was surrounded by them." He said it transformed him. In high school he had

Linebacker Bob Terrio will join Coach Devaney's staff while working toward his master's





thought himself a clod, and there was always someone around willing to support that view. In those days he had dreamed of being a fullback. One of his coaches told him, "Wortman, you're a lineman, and you will always be a lineman." He said when he missed making All-League by one vote, his head coach told him it was he who didn't vote for him. "My own coach! I was just a big fat insecure kid until I came here to Nebraska."

"So what's changed, Chubby?" said the tackle.

The tackle's name was Carl Johnson. Blond, blue-eyed and massive (6' 4", 255 pounds), he had come from Phoenix Junior College and played next to Wortman on the Nebraska offensive line; played well enough to be drafted in the fifth round by the New Orleans Saints. He had also completed the requirements for a degree in business. His father and mother and grandmother were in from Phoenix to see him get it. The grandmother wore an orchid corsage for the occasion.

The split end's name was Woody Cox. He was, by the standards of his roommates, lilliputian: 5' 9", 167 pounds. He had been told many times, even before he got to high school, that he was too small to play football but had never been convinced. Wortman remembered playing against him in junior college, when Cox starred for New Mexico Military. "I saw him twice—running past me to touchdowns." In his last season at Nebraska, Cox caught 26 passes for 378 yards, second high on the team. Since then, free from team restrictions, he had let his curly brown hair spring out from his head like chicory. He had not been asked to play professional football, Cox said, so he was going home for the summer to sail on a friend's new \$150,000 yacht. "Woody owns Grosse Pointe, Michigan," said Keith Wortman.

Cox was 10 hours short of his degree. His grades were good, and he would be back in the fall to finish up. He would, at the same time, help coach the Nebraska team as a "graduate assistant." He said it was the least he could do after learning such advanced techniques on the field: "All this knowledge . . . it would be a shame not to pass it on."

The three players had shared the apartment for nine months, along with an occasional freeloader such as Van Brown-



John Adkins heads farther north to Montreal.

son, the quarterback, whenever Brownson tired of living out of his automobile, and a fairly consistent ebb and flow of coeds. ("Girls go for football players around here," Jeannie said.) The apartment's inventory of goods during that time had multiplied to include a line of empty Strawberry Hill wine bottles on the board-and-cinder-block bookcase, a superabundance of colored bath towels, a worthwhile stack of popular records (Cat Stevens, Chicago) and, on the toilet tank, a tall, yellowing pile of Playboy magazines.

Now, preparing to quit the apartment, the three roommates sat around hashing over their experiences, letting memories trigger memories. The success of Nebraska football, said one, was due not so much to dedicated players as it was

to dedicated coaches. "Football's a big business here. The whole state is involved. The coaches know it, and they coach that way."

"More meetings, more films, more everything."

"The coaches made themselves accessible. 'I need help in this science course.' They got you a tutor. 'Where do I go to buy tires.' 'What am I going to do about this girl.' They were there always."

"The big thing was the closeness. The players got along. No race problems, no nothing."

"When you made a block for Kinney, he let you know he appreciated it. Tagge was the same."

"We were a partying team. Devaney knew it. I think he encouraged it. He's strict, but he knows what it's all about."

"Nobody really hassled you, but there was kind of an unspoken rule. As long as what you did didn't wind up in the newspapers you were safe."

"Nebraska's not as conservative as you'd think," said Carl Johnson. "It's not Berkeley, but the girls behave the same here as anywhere. And when they have a demonstration, all five or six campus radicals show up."

"Most college kids are a bunch of bull shooters," said Keith Wortman. "You think they're really saying something, or being involved, but they're just giving you a lot of bull. I do it myself."

"I'll say," said Woody Cox.

*continued*

*Pat Mowell's name is not yet a household word, but wife Debbi hopes it will be as an M.D.*



That night the roommates and their dates celebrated, perhaps for the last time as a group in Nebraska, by taking in a steak at Tony and Luigi's, one of the nicer restaurants in town. They drank a little (Cox abstaining), and one of them recalled the night they went swimming in Broyhill Fountain after loading up with beer. Wortman said he would miss that, and a lot of things. Getting psyched up for a big game. Double-teaming some opponent with Carl. He said it hadn't been so bad being a guard after all. "Fridays were the best days," Johnson said. "They let all the linemen play catch at practice."

"The challenge was to see how long we could keep the ball up in the air without dropping it," said Wortman. "31, 32, 33 . . . duhhhh."

College life, said Cox, was a series of these challenges.

Bob Terrio's mother came from Los Angeles for the graduation. His father, George, flew in from Las Vegas, where

he is a shift boss in the Keno game at the Las Vegas Hilton. "This is what we've lived for," said George as they pulled two lounge tables together at the Misty the night before graduation. The Misty has a reputation for prime ribs that is Lincoln-wide and is known as a good place to sit around after hours. "I wouldn't have missed this for the world," said George Terrio, smiling happily. He is a tall man, deeply tanned, with a Don Ameche mustache, and he wore a flowered shirt with the tail out. The Terrios had been divorced when Bob was a child. Mrs. Terrio kept the name by marrying George's brother Bill, but they had all remained close over the years, sharing a common interest in Bob.

The mother was in a reminiscent mood. She, too, is tall and lean, with flesh-colored hair and horn-rimmed glasses. She recalled with delight the time she fell over the railing at a Pop Warner League football game cheering one of Bob's feats (a crucial run, as she recalled). She recited from "the greatest

story ever done on him," in the hometown paper when he was a fullback at Fullerton J.C. "In the story they called him The Mudder," she said, because he was always at his best when playing conditions were worst. "The Mudder," she repeated, looking at Bob.

She told about the time she almost fell out of the Orange Bowl on New Year's night 1971 when Bob intercepted a last-ditch LSU pass to save Nebraska's victory and first national championship. She was jumping up and down, she said, and almost lost control.

Bob Terrio said he remembered the first day he arrived in Lincoln, on a flight from Los Angeles, three years ago.

"It was January," he said, "and the sun was shining like today. Bob Newton and I got off the plane in our shirtsleeves. It was 5°. We looked at each other. 'We ain't staying here,' I said."

Nevertheless he did, partly out of appreciation for Devaney's attractive program (bowl games; trips to Honolulu) and partly because the University of

# Salem refreshes

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Southern California had not asked him. He remembered falling in among the redwoods Devaney had recruited that year. "I thought I was big," he said. (He is 6' 2", 215 pounds.) At the first practice session he was matched one-on-one with a 6' 8" 280-pounder. His compensation was a swollen eye that did not open for two days.

A scar on Bob's right cheekbone, from an encounter years ago with an opponent's front teeth, stood out in the blue glow of the lounge, contributing to a general swarthiness that made him look older than his 22 years. Terrio, he said, was not an Italian ome; it was shortened from Theriah, and the bloodlines were French Canadian and Indian. One of his Nebraska coaches had said there was also a creditable strain of American Stubborn. The coaches had redshirted him his first year at Nebraska, risking the chance that he might run home to sunny California.

"It was a terrible letdown," Bob said. "I'd always been first string wherever I

played, whatever I played. I thought, 'Do I have to put up with the weather and this, too? For an extra year? Why am I here?' I did think of going home. But I had never quit anything in my life, and I didn't want to start.

"That Easter, Diane and I got married, and in the fall, even though I was a redshirt, Coach Devaney included us on the Sun Bowl trip. We had a great time. I never really thought about quitting again."

Ultimately, Terrio was told he was not going to be a fullback anymore, but a linebacker. "It meant I had to start all over. I'd never played defense in my life, and there were guys around who were bigger and harder nosed than me. But I thought, what the hell." Terrio was laboring on the third team when an assistant coach, John Melton, ordered him to take off his green practice jersey and put on a black one. Black shirts are worn only by the first team at Nebraska. He said he would not forget that day.

Thereafter, the good times far outnumbered the bad for Bob and Diane Terrio. As a student in high school, he breezed through Nebraska's physical-education courses. "I never had to study. I learned to be satisfied with Bs."

His teammates were also his classmates and the friends he socialized with. It was a pleasantly insulated life—bunting and fishing together, drinking, fooling around. Bob and Diane rented a house at the Lincoln Air Base eight miles out of town for \$63.95 a month. The water pipes were in the ceiling. There was no money to burn, but they paid their bills. Diane worked as a telephone operator, and they drove a Volkswagen, and the couples they ran with were expert at cut-rate entertainment. Of an evening, the girls would gossip, the guys would play pitch and drink some beer, and then they would all join in for a hot game of charades. "You'd be surprised how wild charades can get," Terrio said.

He said he learned to appreciate Ne-  
*continued*

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braska. He said, most certainly, he learned to appreciate Nebraska football fans.

"People would see you in a place like this and come right up to you. 'Say, you're Bob Terrio. Let me buy you a drink.' 'Hey, Bob. Sudden over here. Want a beer?' ... There were stores, he said, that gave players discounts on clothing, and car dealers who would give you a break. 'I bought a car for \$1,995 and traded it back a year later, and they allowed me \$2,300.'"

George Terrio said he had kind of hoped to have a pro football player in the family.

"No way," said Bob. "I'm a family man." In June, Diane Terrio had produced Robert Ryan Terrio, and Bob Devaney had invited the baby's father to help coach the Nebraska team in the fall while he works on his master's degree. Bob Terrio said it was enough to make a man proud to be a University of Nebraska graduate.

The proprietor of the restaurant came to the table then and, calling Bob by name, ordered drinks for everybody. On the house.

Van Brownson had let his hair grow almost to his shoulders since the football season and wisely down his forehead in the front; he was working on a goatee but had a way to go. He said girls like long hair; "they all tell you so." One, an eye-catching brunette in pants and a halter, was present in the apartment. The apartment was that of his friends, Wortman, Johnson and Cox, but Brownson at the time had the run of it.

Brownson said there were times when he did not care to live out of his gold Toronado. There were other times, however, when he had felt there were "more worthwhile things than paying rent." He said he had almost totaled out his living quarters late one night (or early one morning) in West Omaha when he hit an icy spot, slammed over a retaining curb, hit a sign and jumped a 10-foot drainage ditch. When he appeared in court, the spectators recognized him and applauded. He told the judge he fell asleep at the wheel. He pleaded not guilty and paid a \$10 fine.

The story made the local papers, he said, but he got the car fixed himself rather than go through insurance channels because he didn't want his father to get wind of it. His father was back in Shen-

andoah, Iowa, "the nursery capital of the world," and did not always appreciate Van's adventures in paradise.

"A lot of guys get into trouble," he said, smiling, his leg slung over a chair, "but I am the one who always gets caught." His lean (6'3", 195 pounds) lizard's body was covered with a Hawaiian shirt, faded red Bermudas and a pair of two-tone blue-suede string-up shoes with square toes. "Ninety percent of the players drink beer. I drink quite a bit. I wonder sometimes how many brain cells all that beer has killed."

For the record, Van Brownson was listed as a senior. He had completed four years of football at Nebraska and had been drafted in the eighth round by the Baltimore Colts. For two years—as a sophomore and junior—he had shared the quarterbacking with Jerry Tagge, and they had made a formidable, even spectacular, duo, unbeaten in 19 games. But injuries nagged Brownson, and in the spring before his senior year he suffered a shoulder separation. After that Tagge pretty much had it to himself, and Nebraska won 13 more. The experience of stepping from spotlight into shadow cost Brownson a dear thing, he said.

"I lost my confidence. I never lost my determination—I'm as determined as ever—but I lost my confidence. I lost confidence in my body. I always liked contact. I liked running the ball. Now I was getting hurt. My elbow, my shoulder. I got bursitis. I lost confidence in my passing. I knew where to put it, but I wasn't getting it there on time. I thought, 'If I could just throw as well as I did in high school.'"

His strikingly clear blue eyes, so blue as to appear luminescent, darted back and forth. In the context of his experience, one might have said he appeared shell-shocked, except that his tongue was facile. He said he had come to the point where he had abandoned all pretenses.

"No," he said, "I don't want to go to class. No, I don't go to class. I don't need a degree to play football." He said he had attended only 10 classes in the fall semester, all in the same subject—the professor threatened to drop him and that would have cost him his eligibility. Since the season, he said, he had gone to New Orleans for Mardi Gras, and to the Colts' rookie camp in Tampa. He spent some time in L.A.

The trouble with being a fun lover,

he said, is that you get a reputation. Rumors start. They get all the way back to Shenandoah, Iowa. He said that Devaney had put up with a lot. "He'd hear rumors and he'd call me in. We were in the Suite IV Lounge in Omaha one night to see this hypnotist. He got me up on the stage, doing crazy things. I was out, but not from hypnotism. I yelled some profanity. They had my picture in the paper on the stage. Devaney called me in. 'You can't go around making a spectacle of yourself,' he said. Actually, he was very understanding."

Brownson said that his eventual come-down in football was as much a blow to his father as it was to him. His father, a tractor and implement dealer, was living in Lincoln when Van was born and the father, an alumnus himself, caught the passion. "He was more frustrated than I was. He'd continually say things—'if you had only been in there. . . .' How could it matter? We never lost. I heard he went to the coaches a couple times. A real pain."

"I wouldn't change anything I've done," he said. "Nothing at all. I want to live my life the way I want to live it, and if others don't agree, well. . . ." He shrugged and lounged back in the chair. "In many ways these have been the most enjoyable four years of my life. I've made so many friends. Fraternity guys, football players. It's not just eat, drink and be merry. I worry about tomorrow. I don't worry about getting married. I came to college to get smarter, not dumber. But I worry about whether I'm going to make it professionally, whether I'll be economically stable. I'd like to make it in pro football. I wonder if I can. If I will. What I will do if I don't. I think about those things."

"I'd like my coaches here to have good memories of me. Hopefully, they'll remember me as a good athlete. As an intelligent person. I'm not sure they'll think of me as a responsible person. But I think I understand more now."

Ten years from now, Brownson said, he would remember those two national championships, and his contributions. He would especially remember the time in 1970 when Nebraska was down 20-10 to Kansas, and he brought the team back to win 41-20. Those heroics, which won him Big Eight Back of the Week honors, began with an 80-yard touchdown pass to Guy Ingles. Brownson re-

*continued*

membered he got the pass away just as he was knocked off his feet and didn't see it, but the game movies showed it to be a perfectly thrown ball, the kind quarterbacks deliver in their dreams. Ingles had one step on the defender and never had to break stride.

Then a very funny thing happened, Brownson said. That spring the Nebraska football-highlights film, the one that makes the rounds of luncheons and banquets, came out, and included in it was Brownson's great pass. At the appropriate moment, as the play flickered on the screen, the announcer said, "Now, here it is: Jerry Tagge's perfect 80-yard touchdown pass to Guy Ingles."

Brownson said the irony had not been lost on him.

He was born in the south Nebraska town of Oxford (pop. 1,116), which is on the Republican River, where the bass fishing is good. There is nothing else Jeff Kinney can think to say about Oxford except that it has a big turkey feed every summer. His father, a brakeman for the Burlington Northern Railroad, raised the family upriver in McCook, a town distinct from Oxford in that it has 7,000 more people. There Jeff Kinney grew to be a star quarterback and a fine all-round athlete. Deveney himself came to McCook to see him ("It was like entertaining the President," Kinney recalls), and Deveney gave him a scholarship to Nebraska, where Kinney starred again, this time as a halfback.

He married his high school sweetheart, whose name is Becky, as all high school sweethearts should be, and Becky gave him a son, Jeffrey Scott. And the Nebraska football fans gave him unremitting attention. In his senior year Kinney made All-America; he ended his career with the finest record for running the football in the history of the school (2,420 yards, 35 touchdowns) and was drafted in the first round by the Kansas City Chiefs. "Things have always fallen into place for me," said Jeff Kinney.

But with the enmeshment of adulthood, Kinney found that a hero's work is never done, and that the ascent is never as direct or as painless as that brief resumé would indicate. To be objective about it, one would have to say that between the joyful noise of hands clapping together, one would have to include the sleepless nights and the fam-

ily budget; the realities of a classroom education and the harder realities outside. One summer he took a job with a section gang for the railroad, changing ties in the steaming rockbeds around McCook. The temperature reached 118°. He learned to appreciate the shade. Another time he worked as a policeman in Lincoln, riding a squad car at \$3.50 an hour, and experienced the sensation of being called a pig. He said as a policeman he had a very hard time controlling his temper.

On the afternoon before the Nebraska class of '72 was to be graduated—graduating without him, he said, with a trace of indignation, because he had fallen behind due to the demands on a football hero's time—Kinney sat in the stark two-bedroom brick bungalow on Cleveland Avenue, the one he and Becky had rented (a bargain at \$55 a month) two years before, and with the window-unit air conditioner buzzing at his back, he recalled that even the greatest triumphs were not without postscripts.

"A lot of us don't realize yet the full impact of that Oklahoma game," he said. "Maybe we never will." Surrounding him on the walls and furniture tops of the living room were the engraved plaques and trophies and pictures (one showing him with President Nixon) that certified his rank as a football star. Becky sat on the chair next to him. They had been packing for the move to Kansas City. Becky had quit her job as a dental assistant. Jeff said: "I know, personally, it was the biggest moment of my life, the Oklahoma game. Not everybody gets to play in a game like that. People around here idolize football players. They'll remember that game. They'll remember and be apt to help you later on, if you ever need help." Jeff Kinney had rushed for 171 yards and scored four touchdowns.

"The whole thing was wild, like being in a different world. The game itself was unbelievable—35-31. When the plane bringing us home landed in Lincoln, they couldn't get it anywhere close to the terminal because of all the people. Ten thousand of them, yelling and screaming."

Becky said she and three other players' wives had watched the game that afternoon on television. "I almost had a heart attack on that last touchdown drive when Jeff..."

"Don't say it. It wasn't a fumble."

"When Jeff almost fumbled."

The ball had come loose from Kinney's grip near the Oklahoma goal, but it was blown dead because he was already down. Oklahoma players protested vigorously, but vainly. Moments later Kinney scored the winning touchdown.

"I haven't been the same since," Kinney said. His nerves, he said, were a mess. He had been unable to sleep. He hyperventilated. "I'll be in bed at night," he said, "lying there wide awake, feeling like I'm having a heart attack, my fingers tingling. The doctor said not to take deep breaths. Drink a beer. Take a hot bath."

"The whole thing made him a hypochondriac," said Becky.

Jeff Kinney smiled. It is a good smile, on a good face: protrusively jawed, with full lips and sleepy blue eyes under a Buster Brown hairdo. "I've had them all," he said. "Cancer, heart attacks, brain tumors. I saw *Brian's Song*, and actually got a stomachache."

It hadn't been easy for him, Becky said, with all his responsibilities and commitments, trying to get through school and being married, too.

"If I hadn't been married, I would have been enjoying myself too much," Jeff said, still smiling. "Becky was somebody to complain to. She took a lot of heat."

"I'm glad it's over," he said. "It's time to get away. It's been good for us, but it's too small a world. We need to get out. It's just about impossible to get lost in Lincoln."

"A lot of Sundays after a game I'd get up early and go over to the hospital to watch the autopsies," said Linbeck Pat Morell. "After a while the pathologist let me help—I got to remove a liver, or a kidney, and put it on a dish to be examined. They let me in the operating room to watch open-heart surgery. I got to see kidney stones removed. And a vasectomy. The urologist let me cut some sutures and hold back the incision while he worked."

"A lot of guys are filled up with college after four years, but I'm not. I'm anxious to get started again. Medicine excites me. I'm intrigued with the possibilities of having that kind of ability. For a long time I hoped that at this point in my life I would have been drafted by a pro football team and be all geared up to play pro ball, but I don't

worry about that anymore. I came to realize I didn't want to make football my life."

The 1971 Nebraska football brochure describes Morell as 6' 2", 215 pounds, "big, tough, mobile and aggressive," a linebacker with a "potential for stardom." The adjoining picture shows him to be clean-cut and clear-eyed with enough strength in his jaw for an alert publicist to suggest "determination." Morell's career at Nebraska is now over. He played well enough to letter three times. He never became a star. For three years he was "almost" a regular; for the last two he marked time behind his friend, Bob Terrio, who had come from the West Coast to steal his thunder. Morell's name did not become a household word in Nebraska. People did not stop him on the street unless he was walking with his buddy Jerry Tagge, the quarterback. When they were roommates their junior year he got an occasional kick out of pretending he was Tagge when the girls called at 2 a.m.

But if waves of applause did not carry Pat Morell into adulthood, an uncommon sense of priority and direction did. He had applied and been accepted into the university's medical school at Omaha. Following an accelerated program, he said, he would have his M.D. in three years.

Morell had been married for almost a year. His wife Debbi is a breathtakingly lovely girl with eyes the color of seawater ("greeny blue," she says), and together they have found a lot to like in the world. They found they like Lincoln ("really nice people, nice-size town," says Pat); they talk about living there. They like to do things together. They even like their parents. They like going to see his folks in Kansas City ("My father is a postal inspector, and the man I admire most in the world") and can't wait to get down to Broken Bow to see hers. Not only does Debbi have a beautiful face, but she has an exquisitely level head. She encourages his studies. She keeps his shirt with the little OB (for Orange Bowl) 71 on the front whiter than white and their apartment spotless. There are books (*An Introduction to Art, A History of Classical Music, The Autobiography of Malcolm X*) and paintings (a large print by Luongo; an original, by a friend, showing horses being led to a race, that hangs over their bed. "There are just so many

walls," says Debbi). Missing is the cluster of Nebraska football paraphernalia. Only a couple of team pictures.

Debbi herself was graduating the next day, with a degree in business. She said she planned to be a CPA. She had, in the past, helped some of Pat's teammates. She was capable of being very serious. But she was also capable of giving Pat a hard time in Miami when he wanted to sit by the pool and read *The Godfather* when she wanted to run on the beach. Her argument was that he had already read it once.

"Three outstanding things happened to me in these four years," Morell said as they sat together on the sofa of the apartment, consciously touching. "One, I got married. Two, I got admitted to med school. Three, I was on two national-championship football teams. Some guys might give you that in reverse order, depending on who's with them at the time"—he looked at Debbi—"but I am very, very happy to be married."

Morell said that his disappointment at not being a regular had been keen. "There was so much talent here that first year. Sixty guys, all of them outstanding—All-America, All-State, all this or that. I remember going to Valentino's for a pizza one night with Tagge. He happened to mention that he had been a high school All-America in football. But not only that, he was All-America in basketball, too, and had been offered a pro baseball contract. So many outstanding guys.

"You see things, being less than first string. Nebraska fans, as good as they are, can be as fickle as anybody. If you're in there with the second team and the opponent scores, they start yelling, 'Get the scrubs out.' I experienced that. But I guess I never really reconciled myself to being second team.

"I was bitter for a while, but looking back I feel I really did contribute. And it was worthwhile contributing, too. Football at Nebraska is like pro football. Devaney treated us like men. We responded like men. It can be the other way. It's the same with college life. It can be a farce. You can get by without studying. You can cheat. Some guys cheat all the way through school. Or you can lose your identity. It's a big school. Some classes are so big you don't even sign your name, you give your Social Security number. But you get what you put into it. I thought my education

was as good as I could have gotten anywhere, because I put the time and effort into it."

He looked at Debbi. "I feel the same way about football." Pat Morell said. "It was the third-best thing that ever happened to me."

Bigness, rather than beauty, is the mark of the University of Nebraska campus. It sprawls without rhyme through the avenues and side streets of Lincoln, spreading fitfully under the duress of an ever-increasing demand on its enrollment, now up to 21,000. Its architecture is a rummage of style and shade, its epidemics a variety of brick and stone and, as a concession to modern tastes, glass and metal. Somehow, one is not surprised to find the Hardy Furniture warehouse in the midst of it all. An aerial view is dominated by two enormous grain silos on the north edge of town, and to the west is the Memorial Football Stadium, which has been enlarged five times since Bob Devaney arrived to be coach in 1962. By next fall it will have enough seats (75,000) to accommodate half the population of Lincoln.

To keep those seats filled, Devaney has made Nebraska a national institution—he does not discriminate against a good football player because he lives in San Diego or South Philadelphia. Once they reach Lincoln, he does not require his players to live in a football dormitory, separate from the natural stream of student life. Once they have varsity experience, they may live off campus. They filter into apartments and fraternity houses. Those who wish to remain often gravitate to George P. Abel Hall, the largest of the campus dormitories. Abel Hall is 13 stories high, with musty-smelling corridors and yellow block walls that need paint. There usually is a sign in the lobby of Abel Hall that says something like "Wanted: two roommates to share a mobile home." For John Adkins of Lynchburg, Va., Abel Hall was home for the last two years at Nebraska. "I don't like to cook," he explained when asked about his choice. What does that mean? "Move into an apartment and you wind up cooking."

The morning of graduation, Adkins was in his room, sifting through piles of clothes and supplies, filling a trunk, cleaning out. Sull on the bookshelf

continued

was a copy of Faulkner's *Light in August* and a large bottle of Hoffman's Hi-Protein food supplement. Adkins had fulfilled all academic requirements for his degree in physical education, but he was not going to the graduation. He said it was partly because he owed the university \$130 in parking tickets and couldn't get his diploma until he paid up, and partly because he never planned to attend in the first place.

"All they do is tell all the seniors to stand up, sit down and then go to the basement and pick up their diplomas. It's easier to have it sent to you."

John Adkins, nicknamed Spider, is 21, 6' 3" tall, 221 pounds, handsome and black. His father drives a garbage truck in Lynchburg. Neither his father nor his mother ever saw John play football, except on television. He lettered every year and was a regular defensive end for Nebraska. He was not drafted by an NFL team.

"That hurt," he said. "I really wasn't planning to play pro football. I was planning to go to graduate school. But that hurt my pride." So when Montreal of the Canadian League called, Adkins signed up.

He had other plans as well. He and a buddy back home and a white teammate named Jeff Hughes hoped to someday develop an area outside the Cherry Point, N.C. Marine base for low-income housing. He said it was no pie in the sky. He was confident that sometime in the future there would be real money in the project. "If there's one thing college has given me," he said, "it's confidence. Confidence to play football, confidence to get my degree, confidence I can do anything."

He said there would be no bad memories of Nebraska. No real problems. His girl friend Cindy was white, he said, and he felt sometimes they received some unusually long looks when they went places together, but he admitted it might have been his own sensitivity that caused him to think so. Certainly there had been no overt discrimination, he said. Black players tended to go their own way, but that was not unusual, and there were white players he considered good friends. He hunted with Larry Jacobson. One thing he especially liked about Nebraska, he said, was the availability of pheasant; one of the most prized of his acquisitions was a 12-gauge shotgun. He said if there was one thing that would

bring him back for a visit it would be a pheasant hunt.

One play in his junior year stands out in his memory. Against Oklahoma State, a pass deflected by a teammate floated into his hands—"I don't know how I got it, but I got it and I went with it"—and in order to make it to the State goal he outran a swift back for 57 yards.

After that, he said, the attention that Nebraska football players get began to come to him, too. "Too much attention?" he was asked. "How can you get too much? I liked it," he said. When his senior season was over, he was named to a local columnist's 10-year All-Nebraska team. He said it was no small thrill. But there had been others. It was inspiring, he said, to enter a stadium with 68,000 people, all in red, screaming their lungs out for you. And to play under inspired coaches, with equally inspired teammates. But he said when it came right down to it, for John Adkins, it wasn't necessary. He would have been inspired anyway. "My inspiration," he said, "was myself."

Graduation for the University of Nebraska class of '72 was held May 19 at Pershing Auditorium in downtown Lincoln. It was divided into two sessions, morning and afternoon, because the number to be graduated (2,338) was a record. The auditorium is a bulky sandstone and slate building with a large tile fresco over the front entrance. Relatives and friends of the graduates—some of whom rode into town with bumper tags that read *WIS IT THREE TIMES*, and some of whom ate the Go Big Red Breakfast at the Ramada Inn that morning—filled the auditorium at both sessions.

There was no great solemnity, no particular majesty to the occasion. The graduates moved down the aisles in waves, according to their colleges. Mothers and fathers popped flashbulbs and in the upper reaches of the auditorium fanned themselves against the heat. No radicals or revolutionaries were seen to make a temper.

The various colleges—arts, sciences, teachers and so forth—rose in groups, were recognized and sat down. Of the special awards given, one for Distinguished Service went to George Sauer of Waco, Texas, a former Nebraska All-America and now a pro football scout,

and another, The Nebraska Builder, went to Lyell Bremser for his 33 years of broadcasting Nebraska football games. Praise for Bremser included reference to his "corduroy voice, soft but substantial," his "tremendous enthusiasm" and his "partiality to Nebraska."

Chancellor James Zumbege's remarks to the graduates were brief. He spoke of the tens of thousands of students who had completed study at Nebraska in its more than 100 years of serving the state, and, "for better or worse," told them they would "bear the mark of this institution for life."

Of the 19 football players of the national championship team who were listed as seniors, eight were eligible to receive their degrees. Half that number showed. Defensive Buck Jim Anderson, who had a perfect 4.0 average his last semester of play, was already home in Green Bay, Wis., where his father is a mail carrier. His degree would arrive in the mailbox. Larry Jacobson, the All-America tackle with the 3.3 average, was in town but chose to sit by the pool at his apartment.

Bob Terno was there in his cap and gown, looking no different from any other graduate. His wife and parents watched the ceremony. Phil Harvey, Bill Kosch and Carl Johnson went through the ceremony and then picked up their diplomas in the basement.

Carl Johnson's parents, his grandmother and a girl friend gathered with him afterward for a farewell picture at Memorial Stadium. The grandmother, whose name was Pearl F. Johnson, said it was a particular thrill for her because the day was also her 70th birthday. The orchid corsage, now a couple of days old, was pinned to her coat. "I don't know how much longer this thing's going to last," she said. A friendly bystander said it would be nice if it lasted forever, like the chancellor said about the mark of the school. She said her late husband, who came West in 1907 to found the building business that Carl's dad inherited, would have been thrilled over Carl's success because he had not gotten past the seventh grade.

The object of her pride, college graduate Carl Johnson, then said it was time to go. With the mark of Nebraska on him, he was heading west and did not want to miss his flight. He had plans to spend the weekend in Las Vegas. To get the kinks out.

END





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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## BEGINNINGS OF AN ICE WAR

Sirs:

In reference to Mark Mulvey's article *Hockey's Turn to Wage a War* (June 19), if Bobby Hull wants to jump over to the WHA, let him go. I live in a minor league hockey town, so when I go to an NHL game I make sure it's going to be a good one, and seeing the great Bobby Hull in action is no special thing. The Golden Jet is no longer as thrilling a figure as he once was. Now when I see the Black Hawks come rushing down ice I see six hockey players, not five and one superstar. Don't get me wrong; the NHL and the Black Hawks won't be the same without Hull, but the other Hawks who have played in the Golden Jet's shadow could, I think, more than adequately fill in the hole dug by Bobby's departure.

RICK HINENBAUGH

Baltimore

Sirs:

I really would like to know what the WHA thinks an aging Golden Jet would do for it. It is going to take much more than Bobby Hull, John McKenzie and Bernie Parent to get this minor-league going. I'd just like to see the New England Whalers play a game against the Boston Bruins, or the New York Rangers play the New York Rangers. The players should forget about the WHA. It is not going to do any better than the NHL.

MARIO BLISH

New York City

Sirs:

The WHA will definitely get off the ground. All it needs is a little more interest and for Bobby Hull to jump leagues. If Hull goes, many other players will jump also. The WHA will at least play competitive hockey, something Clarence Campbell's NHL has not done with all its ridiculous expanding. Philadelphia hockey fans will be attracted by the acquisitions of ex-Bruin John McKenzie and Bernie Parent. If Bobby Hull does not sign with Winnipeg, it will be the biggest mistake of his life.

One thing in the WHA's favor is that Boston (Hockey Town, U.S.A.) will without a doubt sell out every Whaler game. Most people in New England want a chance to see professional hockey, and they can't get to a Bruins game for all the beats in Boston.

JOHN GRIFFIN

Arlington, Mass.

## THE BLALOCK CASE

Sirs:

I'm all for fighting for the underdog, but Barry McDermott's article *Keeping a Close Eye on the Ball* (June 19) was slanted to an extreme. It was insulting to the LPGA. It

is totally absurd to claim that Janie Blalock's "single-minded devotion . . . is why she is not admired by the other women." Many of those women were devoted and dedicated enough to play on the tour before the money got halfway decent or the public even recognized the LPGA.

I found McDermott's article offensive. He was right about one thing. No one could be a winner—least of all the LPGA—after this biased, belittling article.

CAROL AUBIN

Gainesville, Fla.

Sirs:

I am amazed that the members of the LPGA are able to actually grip a golf club. One would expect their claws to interfere. Janie Blalock's innocence or guilt remains to be seen, but the fact is that the whole affair is being handled with all the grace and dignity of a second-grade Brownie meeting.

ANNE SPRUCE

Plover, Wis.

Sirs:

Janie Blalock must have been reading Kim Hubbard, the practical philosopher who said, "Honesty pays, but it doesn't seem to pay enough to suit a lot of people."

ROBERT L. CAHILL

East Hampton, N.Y.

Sirs:

Having seen Janie Blalock before, and after seeing Cynthia Sullivan in your article, I know which one I'll be keeping an eye on over the next 20 years.

MICHAEL HERBERT

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Your article on Janie Blalock's dispute with the LPGA has caused me to wonder what the rationale is for the rule that ball marks may be smoothed on the green, but nothing else can be repaired. This rule seems to have indirectly led to the Blalock difficulty, and it struck me as ridiculous on the final day of the U.S. Open, when a TV announcer reported that a riling was requested on whether one player's line was obstructed by a ball mark or by a spike mark. Why not let a player smooth or remove any obstruction in his intended line and thus eliminate the necessity for rulings, suspicions, etc?

PAUL G. HERRICK

Cherry Hill, N.J.

## SOMETHING TO PRESERVE

Sirs:

I was moved by Dan Levin's article about the Rappahannock River (*Sentinel*). Along

a *Stream of Memories*, June 19). Not since reading Bernard de Voto's *Course of Empire* have I come across an author with an ability to weave such pictorially precise yet lyrical descriptions of the present with events of the past. Levin has done more than tell about a canoe trip down a beautiful, half-forgotten stream. He has gently taken up a bit of our precious and coveted wilderness and caressed it—an act of affection by a man committed to the future.

The sports enthusiast and the historian have a common bond, an appreciation for the land, and a common cause, the need to preserve it. My students often ask why they must study history. Perhaps the Corps of Engineers should ask the same question.

PAUL C. MURPHY

The Dutchess School

Millbrook, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a canoeist and lover of history, I was charmed by Dan Levin's article. I was appalled, upon reaching the end, to learn that there are those who would destroy a portion of the Rappahannock River. I am sure that the Corps of Engineers can justify this pork barrel spending, but if any river is to be damned, it should be the Potomac, thereby flooding Washington and flushing out the bureaucrats who would mar the unspoiled Rappahannock.

FRANK LEA III

Gibson, N.C.

## LAMAR HUNT

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's piece on Lamar Hunt (*Biggest Cheapskate in Big D*, June 19) is the best I've seen on a man who has never been better described in print than in *SI*. As publicity director for the Dallas Tornado Soccer Club in 1968, when it finished a miserable last in the North American Soccer League, I can personally attest to L.H.'s acumen when it comes to the world of professional sports.

He told the Fords, Hofheinzes and others it would take a minimum of 10 years for pro soccer clubs in the U.S. to even begin to turn a small profit. He also told them that by the time his son Clark reaches adulthood, soccer could very well give baseball a strong run for its money. That is, unless America's fading national pastime makes Lamar Hunt its commissioner.

JUDREY H. GALE

San Anselmo, Calif.

Sirs:

It was quite interesting to read about Lamar Hunt and his philosophy of spending money. As the owner of "three ball clubs,

continued

Five dollars - transports five injured children from their home to our hospital and back.

Ten dollars - blood transfusions for five burned children.

Twenty five dollars - ten days of nursing care for a critically injured child.

Fifty dollars - surgery and physical therapy to enable a child to use his hands again.

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# Saga of a Three-Hour Champ

To people who followed boxing in the 1920s and 1930s, the name Young Stribling evokes images of unfulfilled promise, of blazing talent cleft by tragedy. His given name was William Lawrence Stribling Jr., and he was a smooth, fast counterpuncher out of Macon, Ga., who lost only 11 of more than 286 bouts over a 13-year professional career. During that time, he fought in every division, from bantam to heavyweight. It was the considered judgment of most who saw him that he had the stuff of a champion and would certainly have become one had he not been killed in a motorcycle accident at the age of 28. What many did not know was that Stribling *did* make it to the championship, in a way, at least.

Young Stribling's boxing success was an embodiment of his father's dream. As a boy the elder Stribling had devoured magazine and newspaper articles on the sport, and for a time took up serious training. But as a teen-ager he recognized that he did not have the physical equipment and put his ambition aside until his firstborn arrived the day after Christmas in 1904. Almost from that moment Pa Stribling began to prepare his son for a boxing career.

Through the early years of the century the elder Stribling had held a number of different jobs—sideshow barker, traveling photographer, insurance salesman—but after the birth of William Jr. and another son, Herbert, he settled into a career as a vaudevillian, with an act featuring all four members of the family in juggling and tumbling routines. They called themselves The Four Novelty Grahams and, not surprisingly, they soon incorporated a strong boxing flavor into their performance.

Willie Stribling—he did not get the nickname Young until he entered the ring—saw his first real prizefight in San Francisco in 1909, a battle between two slugging middleweights. "My Willie," said Pa Stribling afterward, "is going to be a boxer with class, not one of those brawlers. Wait and see." The lad soon was doing his own "single" while in the family act—challenging any kid

his own age from the audience to come up and box with him for three rounds. Pa Stribling offered \$10 to anyone who won the route. Few did.

The Four Novelty Grahams finally ended their vaudeville days in 1917, and Pa Stribling settled the family in Macon, his own hometown. Willie began to work out at the YMCA under his father's tutelage, and four years later—having just turned 17 and weighing 117 pounds—he had his first pro fight, winning it with ease. Through high school he had 75 bouts, losing but three.

Pa Stribling's confidence in his son's skill was hardly misplaced. In the years ahead the frequently outweighed Young Stribling would take on nearly all comers at any weight, and the list of his conquests includes several men who later became world champions. Tommy Loughran, Jimmy Slattery and Maxie Rosenbloom, all future light-heavyweight kings, fell before the tough kid from Macon.

The fight that won him the championship he was to hold only three hours occurred on Oct. 4, 1923. Mike McTigue, who had won the light-heavyweight crown seven months earlier, was offered a purse of \$10,000, win or lose, if he would come to Columbus, Ga., to take on the 18-year-old kid, who by that time had become a ring sensation in the South. McTigue and his manager, Joe Jacobs, readily agreed to the terms. They were so confident that they even agreed to put the light-heavyweight title on the line, though the fight was to go only 10 rounds. One element that helped sustain them was that they were bringing their own referee, Harry Erie—a common practice in those times.

Only when Jacobs, McTigue and Erie arrived in Columbus from New York did reality begin to crowd in. Georgians were betting on Young Stribling as if the fighters' roles were reversed. The scintillating Jacobs picked up around town was disconcerting; clearly, Stribling would be no pushover. Jacobs began to look for an out. When it was obvious that the fight could not simply be canceled, Jacobs tried to remove

the title from contention. But the local promoter was a determined Army major named John Paul Jones, whose motto seems to have coincided with his naval namesake's. "The fight will go on as contracted," he told Jacobs. So Jacobs tried another dodge. He announced that McTigue had broken a bone in his hand. Jones ordered X rays taken, and they showed the fracture to be an old one that had long since healed. With that, Jacobs gave up trying to duck the bout. After all, there was still Harry Erie.

The fight itself was an anticlimax. Stribling was the aggressor all the way, but McTigue's years of ring experience saved him from humiliation. He managed most of the time to keep Stribling tied up or at a distance with his strong left jab. The teen-age middleweight pursued the champion but never managed to land solidly. Nevertheless, most of the writers there scored it in Stribling's favor. Erie was clearly up against it.

While the crowd murmur grew to a noisy rumble, Erie cowered in a neutral corner, pretending to tally his score sheet and glancing nervously out at the restless crowd. Finally, after an agonizing delay, the referee went to Jones and declared the fight a draw. "Then get back out there and tell the folks your decision," Jones yelled. Erie went back to the center of the ring, took one look at the now-frenzied mob, and caved in. He raised Stribling's hand. It was probably the only thing he could have done to keep the crowd at bay.

Jacobs, however, flew into a rage, shouting and shaking his fist at Erie. McTigue simply looked stunned. The crowd was delirious of course, and streamed into the street hailing it thought, a new light-heavyweight champion. Erie, taking advantage of the uproar, ducked through the ropes and out of the arena.

Georgian joy was short-lived. About three hours later, as soon as Jacobs, McTigue and Erie were safely out of range, Erie called in the press and nullified the verdict, reinstating the original draw. Young Stribling's reign came to an end so quickly that record books never listed him as an official title holder.

For what it was worth, however, Pa Stribling must have relished those three hours of a championship for which he had dedicated his life.

—FRED EISENSTEADT



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### 50TH HOLE *restaurant*

32 tennis pros, all kinds of little old out wells—and one suit," Hunt hates to spend money on the kind of things which "when they're gone, they're gone, and you can never get the money back."

If most Americans—as oil and gas consumers—and oil tennis, football and soccer fans held the same philosophy, Mr. Hunt's "a little too heavy for hot Dallas summers" suit might be the only one he could afford.

BRUCE LOWE

Coral Gables, Fla.

Sirs:

After reading your article on Lamar Hunt I thought the man was crazy. Not buying more than one suit, or new shoes or new furniture when his net worth is well into nine figures sounded ridiculous.

Then I remembered I had read about another rich man several months ago in another magazine. Aboard his yacht one night, a party ended with the guests throwing expensive china plates into the ocean. Somehow, Lamar Hunt didn't seem so ridiculous anymore.

KAREN MACY

Westerville, Ohio

Sirs:

Hunt has had his only suit so long he has been in and out of style three times.

ROBIN F. HSALEY

New York City

### PICTURES AND WORDS

Sirs:

West German Artist Hans-Georg Rauch's visual description of the frantic preparations for the upcoming Olympics (*Manick's Billion-Dollar Baby*, June 19) has strangely contradicted the adage that one picture is worth 1,000 words. In his case it seems 10,000 lines are worth a jillion words.

As an artist myself, I would say he has the talent of Michelangelo, the social bite of George Grosz and the patience of Job. My only question is how does he do it?

ROY A. BAKER

Jackson, Miss.

Sirs:

That is a great picture accompanying the story about Riva Ridge's win at Belmont (*They Follow in His Footsteps*, June 19). Everyone always seems to admire the writing in your magazine, but it is about time someone gave the photographers on the staff a hearty pat on the back. After all, the magazine is called *SPORT ILLUSTRATED*.

LYNN FREEMAN

Luthersville, Md.

Sirs:

The writing in SI is normally good, but you have had superb writing two weeks in a row. *Sam's Pledge* (*Meir, Mountain and* continued)

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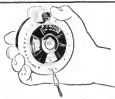
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## 18TH HOLE

More, June 12) made me feel as though I was back in Carmel, Calif., and I breathed and saw the mist and mountains and heard the surf. The only trouble was that I had just gotten immersed when the story ended.

Dan Levin's *Sons of Men* in the next issue is a place I have never been, but I now know each spot of bright white and blue water on the Rappahannock, each bridge and eddy. That article, too, was not long enough, but still was beautiful.

You must take one rap for two compliments, though. I thought Jack Olsen's *Boysen Cheapgate in Big D* was a bore.

R. L. ALLEN

Stratford, Conn.

## ON THE MAP

Sirs,

I noted with pleasure your short article on the little Pittsburgh suburb of McKees Rocks, "Big Little Town" (Sports Illustrated, June 19). I think, however, that those who follow college football may already have heard of McKees Rocks. Perhaps you remember Chuck Burkhardt, quarterback at Penn State, who led the Nittany Lions to two straight Orange Bowl victories in 1969 and '70? And Ted Kwalick, another Penn State player and All-American, who now plays for the San Francisco 49ers? And what about Dave Hager, the quarterback for the University of Pittsburgh for the past two years? All of these are from the McKees Rocks area and, along with John Huftnagel, played for Mentor High School. Western Pennsylvania has some fine football talent, and I am proud to see it mentioned in my magazine.

MICHAEL ANNE M. BILKA

Lincoln, Neb.

## TIE-BREAKERS

Sirs,

In a state such as Kansas, any liberal undertaking deserves notice. Ohio's "Experiment" to resolve ties at high school football games (the one on June 12) is nothing more than the plan used in Kansas last fall.

A survey of reactions to the plan by the Kansas State High School Activities Association was returned by 313 principals and 338 football coaches and brought the following response: 278 principals and 301 coaches in favor.

There were 70 ties, 46 of which were resolved in one extra period and all but five in two extra periods or less. Score a point for Kansas for taking a positive step.

RON SMITH  
 Sports Department  
 The Butte Eagle

Wichita, Kans.

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